HELL Illuminated.

OR,

SANCY'S

ROMAN CATHOLIC

Confession.

WHEREIN

Are ſuch Leſſons, which if ſtudiouſly practis'd, 'tis much to be fear'd, the Devil himſelf will turn *JESUIT*.

LONDON,

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THE PREFACE,

By way of Dialogue between a *Roman Catholic* and a *Protestant.*

R. Cath. HAve ye heard the News?

Pro. *No Sir.*

R. Cath. *Well, becauſe 'tis to your prejudice, I'le tell it ye. The Devil having lately made public Confeſsion, and receiv'd full abſolution of his ſins from his Holineſs himſelf at* Rome, *has tak'n a Reſolution, to forſake the Pomps and Vanities of his own wicked*

world, and in his old age to enter into one of our holy Orders, according to the example of Charles *the Fifth.*

Pro. *I took him to have been of your* Religion, *ever ſince* Conſtantine's *time.*

R. Cath. *That's your miſtake, He was of none at all, till now —— I confeſs he had like to have bin converted by* Martin Luther, *when he was ſo long with him in his ſtudy; and* John *of* Leiden *with his back-ſword Logic, made him ſtagger curſedly, ſo that he was juſt tumbling headlong down the Precipice of* Hugenotiſm, *had not the ſtrong hand of* Ignatius Loyala *ſnatch'd him from the misfortune of the fall.*

Pro.

Pro. *Why then, if the Devil have the leaſt ſpark of Gratitude in him, that muſt be the Order he intends to honour.*

R. Cath. *'Tis ſo.*

Pro. *In troth, you make me ſmile—*

R. Cath. *VVhy ſo?*

Pro. *VVhy ſo! becauſe I ſee you do not perceive the Devils deſign— For he, having intelligence out of the* Revelation, *That he is to Reign a Thouſand Years, upon Earth at his full ſwinge, and reſolving to make uſe of the utmoſt extent of his Tyranny, believes it his beſt way to hide his cloven feet with the Jeſuits Caſſock, foreſeeing, that ſucceſsful pretence of Mankind,* Religion, *to be the only way for him*

to carry on his intended miſchief. Tho there be ſome that ſay, he does it out of Fear. For though Broughton, Napier, Sedgwick, *and the reſt of thoſe modern ſmall* Prophets, *have promis'd him a full Thouſand Years upon their Honours, yet I know not what kind of miſtruſt over-rules him. He is loth in the full Gallop of his fury and revenge upon Heaven, to be cut off by the hands of an enthuſiasm'd* Ravilliac, *or be ſham'd out of five hundred of his thouſand years, by a pair of perfum'd Gloves. And therefore like a Devil of Prudence and Foreſight he inſerts himſelf into this Order.*

R. Cath. *Theſe are meer inventions and reproaches caſt upon*

honeſt

honeſt worthy good men------ Nay, you make thoſe Actions to be Criminal which are not ſo, and then throw 'em upon the Jeſuits. For if a man have a Capital Enemy, you'd have a man love him------ 'Tis true, there's ſomthing of the Dove, but where's the Serpent? There's Chriſtianity indeed, where's the Policy? ------ where's ſelf preſervation, and the Law of Nature? The Law of Nature was from the beginning written in the heart of man----- the Law of God long after only cut upon two peices of ſtone, and by Moſes *broken all at one clap. Is it not a ſhameful thing to ſee a huddle of old rotten wood'n Buildings diſgracing the modern Piles of Brick and Stone Structure? there-*

fore

fore is Fire honeſtly made uſe of there, to refine and beautifie. The Jeſuits are look'd upon as the moſt polite and high ſoaring of the Catholic Orders----- and therefore if they ſhould not do extraordinary things, from whom extraordinary things are expected, their Reputation would dwindle away, and dye of a Conſumption.

Pro. *But do you think it any honour to your Order, to have the Devil of your Society?*

R. Cath. *Why truly; I cannot tell----- If Satan will make a Confeſſion, and throw himſelf into the Arms of his Mother, the Church of* Rome------ *I know that our holy Father the Pope, has forgiven many an Incarnate, worſe then he— we*

are

are apt to remember whatever we think the Devil does amiss ----- why should we forget what he does well? And indeed, I would fain know what it is that you Huguenots *rail so much at the Devil for? --- You'l say that He maintains a general Antipathy against Heaven; --- so do the* Danes *maintain a National Enmity against the* Suedes; --- *the* French *against the* Spaniards; *the* Imperialists *against the* French --- *And yet these National Antipathies are allowable, as mainly conducing to cherish that Pride and Animosity which defends, and many times crowns them with Victory. I would fain know, why a man might not write the Life of Satan, as well as* Katherine de Medecis; *unless it*

were

were out of civil reſpect to him, not to let the World ſee that a Woman could out-do him. Therefore good Mr. Proteſtant *be not ſo Captious— but read theſe following ſheets. Conſider what the Prince of the Air ſays in his own juſtification, weigh his Tropes, and his Figures, and if he don't argue like a Gentleman, and a Scholar.*

Pro. *But hold a blow, you ſay this is* Signior Diavolo's *Confeſſion, when the Title ſays, 'tis* M. Sancy's *Confeſsion.*

R. Cath. *For that, you know, Sir, 'tis the common practice of men of no reputation, to borrow the names of men of fame---The Devil has learning, but no fame--- He knew* Sancy *to have both---*

Pro. *In-*

Pro. *Indeed I have heard much of this* Sancy, *that he is both a witty, & an impartial Writer--- which makes me wonder, that he being a man of learning, ſhould be drawn aſide to be the Devil's Confeſſour—*

R. Cath. *Oh Sir, 'tis no diſhonour to be deluded by the Devil--- Popes and Emperours themſelves, have frequently bin gull'd by him, that's more--- but* Sancy *was not ſo--- for when he heard his tale, he preſently ſmelt him, and found his Civility to be but an act of Morality, well knowing that had the Devil bin put to have publiſh'd his Confeſſion in his own name, not one in a Thouſand would have believ'd the Father of lyes—*

Pro. *A very great peice of Civility indeed.* R. Cath.

R. Cath. *Yes, and I think, as I said before, of Morality too — For when he heard how* Lucifer *spoke his Conscience, and knew it, as he did, to be real, it had been a point of dishonesty to have hindred the discovery of such truths to the World, by the knowledg of which, the* Jesuits *have become a mighty Order, and the* Roman Catholick *Religion has bin highly advanc'd.*

Pro. *I am satisfi'd — now to the Confession it self.*

THE CATHOLIC CONFESSION OF THE Sieur *de SANCY.*

FIRST BOOK.

CHAP. I.

Of the Authority of the Church, and of its Head.

IT has been a Controverſie frequently debated in theſe times, whether the *State* be in the *Church*, or the *Church* in the *State.* Amongſt thoſe that would have the *State* to be in the *Church*, there are ſome who alledge, That it would not be univerſal, ſhould it be circumſcrib'd within the *State.* Others, taking the ſame things for Examples, Do ye not ſee, ſay they, how the *State* ſubmits it

ſelf to the *Church*? How this haughty King, after ſo many Armies vanquiſh'd, ſo many flouriſhing people, ſo many great Princes, his Enemies, layd at his feet; at length for all his Grandeur, proſtrating himſelf at the feet of the Pope, receives his commands at the hands of his Monſieur Confeſſor, and Cardinal *D' Oſſat*. Which two were layd upon their bellies jigg by jowl, like Mackarel upon a Gridiron, while you might have read half a Maſs. They ſay moreover, That there was the ſame play to be play'd over again, between his Majeſty and Monſieur the Legat, but that was to be done gently and under the Roſe. They who would turn the Holy See quite out of doors, inſtance the boldneſs of the Court, which being a *Fugitive*, as far as *Tours*, yet ventur'd to burn the Bulls of his Holineſs by the hand of the common Hangman. After that, they tell of a ſecond piece of Audacity of the Court united together, which was the Baniſhment of the Jeſuits out of *France*, a high contempt of the *Romiſh* See. But I anſwer to that, That we have no reaſon to repent of it. Witneſs the good Catholic City of *Tournon*, and in imitation of her, the Parliaments of *Tholouſe* and *Bourdeaux*, who both, in ſpight of Fate re-eſtabliſhed theſe ſtout Champions of the Church.

Thus

Thus you have the proofs of the one and the other ſide by Conſequences and Effects. Now for proofs by reaſon; and let no man wonder at this way of proceeding. It has been the humor of *France* for many years to mind the effects, and not the reaſon of things. Then I muſt tell the Reader, that a man may ſooner venture his Neck and get a hundred thouſand Crowns, then diſengage himſelf out of the labyrinth of ſuch difficult affairs. I ſhall therefore only ſay this, That I believe the Pope to be more then all the reſt of the World together, nay then all the Saints, and all the Angels. I'll ſhew ye certain paſſages which Monſieur Confeſſor gave me, to confirm me in this opinion. *Bernard* of *Sens* calls him Prince of the Biſhops, Heir of the Apoſtles; for antiquity of dignity, *Abel* and *Noah*; as a Patriarch, *Abraham*; as to his Order, *Melchiſedec*; as to his Prieſthood, *Aaron*; as to his Soveraignty, *Moſes*; in Judgment a *Samuel*, in power a *Peter*; in authority, *Chriſt*. I remember the words of one of the Bulls of *Clement* the 6th. *The Pope is to be admir'd; The Pope is the aſtoniſhment of the World: Neither God nor Man, but as it were between both.* The Gloſſary upon *q. Sect. 1. cap. 17.* is poſitive, That the *Pope is no man.* I have alſo read the *Diſtinct. and Canon, Propoſuit*

de con. præ. 19. *c. Si humanarum.* Where it is pithily obſerv'd, That the Pope, according to the latitude of his Authority, has power to give a diſpenſation againſt any Law. And 5. *Tranſub Epiſt.* 5. *in Gloſs.* he explains himſelf farther, ſaying, That the Pope can turn injuſtice into juſtice. Monſieur Confeſſor, never admire at theſe laſt paſſages, when I ſhall tell ye, by way of reinforcement, that the Pope can make *infecta facta*; that is, he can make *Something* out of *Nothing*, and *Nothing* of *Something*. By one Hiſtory alone will I undertake to prove, that the Pope can do all this. That high and mighty Pope, *Sixtus Quintus*, who in his time caus'd above four thouſand pair of ſhoulders to want heads; and envy'd the Queen of *England* for nothing more, but that ſhe had the Honour to cut off a Queen's Head; who put down the Bawdy houſes, and conſequently took away fourſcore thouſand Duckets of rent from the Church. He that was wont ſay, *There's no truſting in this Religion, for it will not laſt.* He whom the King call'd Mr. *Sixtus*; who was made Pope, that he might bring his Hoggs to a fair Market. This Great Perſonage having unfortunately entred into a Contract with the Devil, and having read how *Alexander* the Sixth, for that he had

uſurp'd

uſurp'd the Chair by force, was couzen'd in his term of years, made his bargain abſolutely for ſeven years; but notwithſtanding all his wit, the Scrivener he had to deal with, found a way to get looſe from his Articles. For after he had raign'd five years very formidably, he fell ſick the laſt day of the five years, at what time there came to his Bed-ſide in the ſight of his chief Chamberlain, a certain grave Abby-Lubber, with whom the Pope entred into a very high Conteſt, inſomuch that they in the next Room could hear the Pope call the t'other perfidious; asking him withal whether he had not promiſs'd him ſeven years, and whether there were any more then five paſt? To which the Devil's Envoy made anſwer with a loud voice; 'Tis true, ſaid he, I promis'd thee ſeven years, and there are but five elaps'd, and yet for all that I am no perfidious Perſon. For do but remember, That when you had a deſire to put to death the Son of ſuch one——for ſuch a Crime,——when you were inform'd by Juſtice, that Legally he could not be put to death, till he was Seventeen years of Age--I ſay then, do but remember, how you ſaid you would lend him two of yours: Now five and two make ſeven, and therefore you muſt go, there's no remedy. By this

Story we find the abſolute power of the Pope, and a confirmation of the fore-mention'd Characters of his Grandeur. For by putting the young Lad illegally to death, he diſpens'd with Law againſt Law. That Juſtice which ſhould have ſav'd the Lad, he turn'd into Injuſtice. And the Devil and he made out the third point: For the Bargain which was for ſeven years, at firſt imperfect, by the power of the Pope and the Devil became a good Contract, as the Devil made it out by the Pope's own Act and Deed. And therefore that buffonly Preſident of *Beaulieu*, when the Pope had excommunicated the Maſs which had been ſaid when the King was crown'd, together with all that aſſiſted at the Coronation; did not much amiſs, according to his rambling Divinity, to ſay, That where there was an Aſſembly of *Eccleſiaſtics*, it was ſuch becauſe there was a God among them. The Chancellor going about to reply, By the body of—— Sir, cry'd the *Belſwagger*, you ſhall grant me that God was preſent at that ſame Council. The Chancellor not daring to deny; the other demands, if any Heretic were there, who durſt venture to bound the puiſſance of his Holineſs? Every one ſhrug'd up his ſhoulders, chooſing rather to allow the Excommunica-

tion

tion of the God of Heaven, then limit the power of a God upon Earth.

CHAP. II.

Of Traditions.

WE puzzle the Heretics infinitely, when we demonſtrate to them, that the Authority of the Church and Traditions teach us to acknowledge the Scriptures, although the Canonical Writings teach us not to acknowledge either Traditions or the Authority of the Church. In truth, we muſt hold to the Legends of the Church, and not to Canonical Scripture, otherwiſe the Heretics will goad us to Eternity with their Texts out of the Bible. But that I may ſeem to have done ſomething more, I made uſe of this advice, not to reck'n for Tradition-Mongers thoſe ancient Doctors of the ſix firſt Ages, wherein the Church was not as yet fully nobilitated; when her Sumptuous Buildings were not as yet rear'd; when the Popes liv'd up and down in Caverns, and

in ſhort might paſs for the firſt Promoters of her troubles: at what time the Church ſmelt ſomewhat ſtrong of *Huguenotiſm*, or rather of the Faggot. I ſay they wrote nothing boldly or over-confidently in thoſe firſt times: & therefore I allow for Traditions, the Books corrected by the devout Council of *Trent*. For ſome time after that, we have ſeen at the Court, and we have ſtill ſome Doctors, who affecting ſqueamiſhneſs of Conſcience, play the *Demi-Huguenots*, and Appointers of Religion. This ought to be a fair example to *Monſeiur Benedict*, and his Compagnons, *Berenger*, and *Chanveau* in their Deaths of Melancholie or Poyſon. Theſe Hero's would fain perſuade the ſuppreſſion of a Book, entitl'd *Index Expurgatorius*. Accordingly, it was one Reſult of the Council of *Trent*, whereby all Printers were commanded to expunge or correct the moſt boiſtrous paſſages, wherewith the holy Fathers had beſmear'd the belief of the Church, with a Catalogue of ſuch Sentences as it was convenient either to ſtifle or amend, to the end the Heretics might make no uſe of them. Theſe Prudent Worldlings, eſteeming themſelves wiſer then the Council, would needs have this *Expurgatorie Index* ſuppres'd, to conceal, as they ſaid, the ſhame of the.

the Church, which was not to plead for its ſelf upon falſe Evidences. But they have diſplay'd the ſhame, by thinking to hide it: For about 11. or 20. years ſince, the Book (I mean a copie of it, ſign'd by the Council) fell into the hands of the Family of *Antwerp*, and is now carefully preſerv'd among the Rarities of the *Elector Palatine*. And which is worſe, ſome Doctors, among the reſt *Baronius*, who were choſen to make this Reformation, are reformed themſelves, and have confeſs'd in their printed writings, that one of them had for his part alone, alter'd above ſixty of thoſe paſſages. Thus the deſign of the Council being diſcover'd, in going about to ſuppreſs this Book, we might ſuppreſs the Authority of the Church, and make it queſtionable, whether it be not lawful to change the Expoſitions of the Doctors, and ſomething of the Text of the Ancients? Certainly, the Affirmative is to be maintain'd, and that the Church ought to change both the old and new Teſtament, without bogling any more at the Tranſlation of the Septuagint, then at the Tranſlation of fifteen Score, if we would have all the main Principles on our ſide. The Primates of *Bourges* and *Lyons*, would diſcard out of the number of Traditions, the

Conformities of St. *Francis*, the *Pattern* of *Wiſdom*, the *Garden* of *diſconſolate Souls*, *Marial*; the Sermons of *Menot*, *Manipulus Curatorum*, *Stella*, *Lavacrum Conſcientiæ*, *Summa Peccatorum*, dedicated to the Virgin *Mary*; the *Golden Legend*, the Book of Rates, and the *Life of Chriſt*. A Preacher whoſe name was *Chriſti*, preach'd at *Nantes* to the Ladies, in theſe words; My dainty quaint Ladies, if I find a Bible or a new Teſtament in any of your hands, you ſhall taſt of my Whip: but have always between your fingers the good *Vita Chriſti*, the *Vita Chriſti*, who made *Veſpaſian* and *Titus* Chriſtians, and brought about the deſign of the Siege of *Jeruſalem*, to revenge the Death of Chriſt; and then he condemn'd and vilifi'd all other Hiſtorians, to eſtabliſh the truth of that Book. But one of thoſe Prelats might ſooner have inſtructed himſelf to believe in God, then us to believe in Him; and it is as difficult a thing to make us quit our love of thoſe Books, as to make him quit the love of his kind Siſter. For thoſe books are the only foundation of our belief. Neither do they allow the defeat of *Monſieur Cayer*. They ſay, that the Tales of St. *Francis* were made at *Geneva*. That's well for the *Alcoran* of St. *Francis*. However the ſtudies

of

of theſe abſtemious Find-faults, are full of thoſe books of the old Impreſſions. 'Twere better for them to defend them, and ſay that they were made with a good Intention. As when we read of St. *Francis* living with his Wife of Snow. We ought to ſpeak the beſt, and ſay the good man did it to cool not only his own naturally ſinful heat, but as a preſident to his poſterity. When he preaches to the fleſh: thereby it is intimated, that when his offspring ſhould preach, they would require a mute Auditory. When he preach'd it up for a Miracle, that God would not ſuffer the fleſh to be drown'd in the Deluge, thereby he inſinuates that the Miracles of the Church of *Rome* ought to proceed from natural cauſes, as *Richeome* labours to make out. When he calls the Wolves his Brethren, and ſtroaks them with his hand, he did it to ſhow, that the *Franciſcans* ſhould be rough footed, and ſurprizers of the Innocent ſheep. He calls the Swallows his Sifters, becauſe their Brothers like them, all morning prayer time, build their neſts i'the Country-mens Houſes. When the Angel told St. *Francis*, as he was at his devotions, that Antichriſt ſhould be born of his Order, that was, becauſe it ſhould not be thought an Indignity to make the *Franciſcan*

ciſcan Friers Popes. And when he diſrob'd himſelf before the Women, and ſet up his Crucifix, what was that but to diſplay the beauties of Nature, as not having eaten of the Tree of Knowledg; and to lay open, if not the underſtanding, yet the nakedneſs of Father *Adam*? When St. *Germain* raiſes a dead Aſs, wherefore ſhould not he, out of his brotherly love, and Aſinine commiſeration, being alive, give life to Aſſes, who had bin the death of ſo many at St. *Germans de prez*, and *Auxerrois*. *Blaſe* of *Anjou*, who threaten'd his Son with Excommunication, if he offer'd to read one line in the Scripture, eſpecially the Commandments, at length at the interceſſion of *Aubraye* a good Catholic, gave him leave to read the *Maccabees*. As for Frier *Jacopon*, when I was a *Huguenot*, there was nothing made me laugh like the Legend of that pious Saint; and among the reſt, how he made Confeſſion of his ſins to one of his Brethren by ſigns.

Theſe things ſeem abſurd; but they work this effect among the people, as to lead them into a belief that there is no abſurdity in the World. And therefore it is, that St. *Paul* calls the preaching of theſe things the folly of preaching. From whence *Monſieur Cayer* draws this notable Syllogiſm:

giſm: *It pleaſes God to ſave Believers by the folly of preaching*; the folly of preaching is the preaching of Legends: therefore God is pleaſed to ſave believers by preaching of Legends. If any perſon requires the note of Univerſality, and inſiſts, that nothing is to be concluded *ex puris particularibus*, he may do well for the School-men: However to conclude from pure particulars is rather the Logic of a Banker, then a Scholar. The Legend of the Saints, is the Garden of the Soul. Images are the Books of the Ignorant. Yet in this Garden there are certain Herbs to be found, which if they do no farther miſchief, yet cauſe a general ſtupidity. A brave fellow, who underſtands the faſhion of the World, knows what it is which the Country people call Robbery. If he find that his diſconſolate Soul is not able to change its way of living, he may ſee in the Legend, the bright example of a Knight, who without mercy rob'd the poor as well as the rich, and was acquitted for ſaying an *Ave Marie* once a day: and it is indeed the general practice of the Souldiers at this time. If a Lady of the Court find in her diſconſolate Soul, that ſhe cannot paſs for a devout Votareſs, and a voluptuous Liver both at the ſame time, has ſhe not where-

withal

withal to comfort her, like the *Egyptian* St. *Marie*, who from twelve years of age till she was grown contemptibly old, never refus'd any man in her life? Are not the ancient Chronicles full of the noble acts of St. *Maudlin*? Do not the Legendary Poets tell us, how many persons of good Families have been forc'd by the power of her Enchantments to sell their Estates for her sake? How many other couragious Blades have valiantly cut their own throats, being jealous of her love? and yet she was no sooner exhausted with age, but she was presently canoniz'd. If any poor Priest have not the pour to preserve his Chastity, 'tis his fault, if he make not use of the Canon, *Si quis Presbyter Concubinam non habuerit*; and thereby be as shamelessly happy as *Abbot Ephraim*, who made no scruple, like *Diogenes*, to supply his wants in the open Market-place. There's the Authority of the Chapter, *inter opera Charitatis*, where it is said, that he that couples with a *Magdalen*, *multum profuit in remissionem peccatorum.* If any Bishop or Cardinal becomes amorous of his Page, let him comfort himself after the Example of St. *Francis*, who calls his Amours with Frier *Maccus*, sacred. As to what the said Book affirms, that St. *Francis* was all

inflam'd

inflam'd, beholding Frier *Maccus*, and that he often cry'd out the ſame day, as the one held the *Chalice*, and the other the little *Cruiſes*, tranſported with the fury of his love, *præbe mihi teipſum*: there is much to be collected from thence. I will tell ye by the by, that you may hence conjecture where Monſieur Confeſſor lays his foundation, when he calls the Amours of *Quailus*, and his Maſter, Sacred; and whence this Title was firſt deriv'd. There is another book whom I have ſo often mention'd, which they would fain have quite extirpated, but the holy See would never permit the loſs. *De Sparde* was the firſt that labour'd in it theſe words, *Habeat jam Roma pudorem, ejuſmodi mores toto mundo proſtituere deſinat. Let* Rome *at length be aſham'd, and ceaſe to proſtitute ſuch Cuſtomes to all the World.* This is the book of *Rates*, where a good Catholic may ſee the cheapneſs of ſinning, and obſerve in a moment the price of forgiveneſs. Whoever ſhall deflour a Virgin, ſhall pay ſix groats. He that ſhall carnally know, by conſent of parties, his own Mother, his Siſter, his Couſin-German or his Godmother ſhall be acquitted for five groats; but if it be known publicly in the Church, not under ſix. He that kills his Father or his Mother, ſhall pay a Duc-

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kat and and five *Cartines*. I could tell ye more, but I ſhall rather let ye know that theſe things are to be ſeen in the Chapter of perpetual Expences. The book was printed at *Paris* in the year 1570. by *Touſſain Denis* in St. *James-ſtreet* at the *Woodd'n Croſs*, being entitl'd *Cancellaria Apoſtolica*. A *Poictovin* asked me one day whether I could reſolve him a quaint Queſtion, why *Sodomites* were more zealous againſt the *Huguenots*, then any of the *Roman Catholics*? I laugh'd at the Queſtion at firſt, but afterwards I call'd to mind, what I had heard from the mouth of the brave Marſhal *d'Aumont*; There are none, ſaid he, that ſo violently perſecute us, as theſe *Sodomites*, and labour the utter expulſion of the *Huguenots*. I remember'd alſo, that there are not any who ſo earneſtly ſolicited the King's Converſion, as thoſe who were moſt ſuſpected for that Crime. Which was the reaſon, that I reſolv'd to underſtand the Intereſt of theſe *Monſieur Catamites*. You know, ſaid the *Poictovin*, that there are ſeveral perſons who are polluted with this *peccadillo*; who though they do not overcredulouſly believe that there is any Hell, or any Paradiſe, yet being ſtill in doubts and fears, would, as the Decretaliſts ſay, *make uſe of abſolution by way of caution*. Now ſhould

ſhould a man come to an honeſt Divine, and ask him by what means, a deteſtable ſinner may be ſav'd? He would reply, by embracing the death of Chriſt, with a true and ſincere faith; by praying with a contrite heart, and a real repentance; by relying upon the mercy of God, and putting on a reſolution of amendment of life, and perſeverance therein. But the miſchief is, that the honeſt people of this age, are not eaſily allur'd to furniſh themſelves either with this ſame Faith or Patience. Then comes the holy See, compos'd of perſons of high birth, that carry a great ſway in public affairs, who obſerving that ſuch Soul-phyſic was not at all toothſome to great Perſonages, and being unwilling that Beggars and Tatterdemallions ſhould outbrave Kings and Grandees with their Theological vertues in the other World, have found out a more pleaſing and quaint Expedient. For if you ask a Jeſuit concerning that nice and intricate ſin of *Sodomy*, he'l fit your humour better then a Country Parſon. He'l ſend you to *Cardinal Sourdis*, who by his Bull alone, ſhall acquit ye both of *Sodomy* and *Inceſt*. He will put about your neck a wreath of the laſt requeſts by Maſter *Jacques David*, Biſhop of *Eureux*. If you are a *French*

man,

man, he will beſtow upon ye certain grains of Paradiſe, out of the 19. *Art.* will cauſe ye to ſay certain words out of the 7. *Art.* as *Domine Jeſu, ſuſcipe*, and ſuch like, which are printed at *Paris* by — And this Application rightly manag'd, gives ye a full and abſolute Indulgence and Remiſſion of all your ſins, as well in reference to the Crime as to the Puniſhment. Which is expreſly quoted by Monſieur Confeſſor as a new thing. For we ſaid before, that Antiquity durſt not be ſo hardy nor adventurous. Do ye think it ſtrange then, that the Religion of the *Huguenots*, of which I will ſay what the learned *Julian* ſaid of Chriſtianiſm, that it was the Religion of Beggars and Vagabonds; I ſay, do you think it ſtrange, that Kings, Princes, Prelats, Cardinals, Popes and other Grandees, ſhould from the bottom of their hearts, abominate *Huguenotiſm*, and *Huguenots*, and embrace a kind and favourable Religion, by the precepts and freedom whereof, the gates of Paradiſe are always open at a minutes warning? A Religion that affords Remedies for all tranſgreſſions and diſtempers, *In* Spain *to the* Cavalleros, *in* France *to* Lord *and* Pedant, *in* Germany *to few, but in* Italy *to all in general.*

The Spaniſh *Proverb.*

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Of the Interceſſion of He-Saints and She-Saints.

OUr Gallants for want of Arguments prove the moſt part of the points in Controverſie by pleaſant Similitudes, and jocular Compariſons. As for Example you ſhall ſee how we prove the Interceſſion of the *He-Saints*, and *She-Saints*. 'Twas never known that all perſons whatſoever went higglede pigglede to preſent their Petitions to the King, but by the Mediation of others, as Princes, Princeſſes, Counſellors of State, and Maſters of Requeſt. *Ergo*, we muſt believe that the Male and Female Saints order the Affairs of Heaven, as we order our affairs on Earth. And here I might undertake to prove that God never concerns himſelf with the affairs of this World, by the help of the ſame compariſon. True it is, that that Heretic *Roſny* will have him take another courſe; and acts the Publican and the honeſt man both together, contrary to the Maxim, *That two contraries*

traries cannot ſubſiſt in the ſame ſubject. I hope that one of the two will ſubmit by the aſſiſtance of my Converſion, and the Interceſſion of the Saints. Who doubts the Efficacy of Saints Interceſſion? Conſider that no crimes have been ſo great within theſe 15 years, but that both the crime and the puniſhment have been quite aboliſh'd by their Prayers. No ſervices have been ſo praiſeworthy, but that they, who thought to ſteal a reward, without the Interceſſion of theſe Holy Perſons, have been deceiv'd, and have loſt their time and the acknowledgment which they deſerv'd. This is that which *Hortman* obſerv'd in his Book *de Regno Vulvarum.* I ſhall have no great trouble to perſuade them to believe this point, who have had buſineſs to do ſince my raigne. The General of the League having but two places that held out for him, could not reconcile himſelf with this King as he did with the other on purpoſe to entrap him. By that he gain'd more than by catching cold in his Trenches. The Raigning Saint had given him a general pardon, and plac'd him in the higheſt place of the Terreſtrial Paradiſe. Madam *de Montpenſier*, whom we would hang in *Effigie*, has in the ſame manner expiated the Aſſaſſination of the late King. *Villeroy* has alſo luckily made his

his peace the ſame way. *Sourdis* the Oncle recover'd *Chartres*, and that head which totter'd upon his ſhoulders, but they did not give him the Maſter-ſhip of the Horſe, becauſe the Pages began to ride uneaſily, which produc'd the following ſhort Lampoon.

And muſt Sourdis *loſe his wages?*
What's the Crime that thus enforces?
Oh! he ſpurrs the little Pages,
Inſtead of ſpurring the great Horſes.

Without the help of this Saint, *Le Grand* had alſo been expell'd; but he carry'd a Candle to the Saint rather then to his merits. I have tak'n away my ſons from *Rochel*, and will not have them any more to ſtudy either Greek or Hebrew; but will order 'em to learn the Sciences of Monſieur *de Lignerac*, *Varenne*, *Cachat*, and *La Baſtide*, who will teach them to ſay their *Ora pro nobis's* with a good Grace. Let 'em know their hours according to the Cuſtom of *Chartres*; ſay yes, and ask what was ſaid, and to faign being a fool, be ſo in good earneſt. If they ſee any naſtineſs at Court, I would have them to be puniſh'd if they have Noſes to ſmell it. Let 'em learn, like Monſieur *d' Eſpernon* the little Images of the Court,

Court, assist them to wipe their tayls; nay offer their tongue, if there be neither Linnen nor Paper in the way. By that means they shall obtain an Intercession, and that Intercession is All-sufficient. *Lignerac* can do nothing but laugh; he that is the *Amalgama* or Cement of the two houses of *Estrees* and *Lorain*. *Cachat* knows more than only how to speak *French*. He it was that made the Peace of *Provence*. *Varenne* began to learn to read but last Winter, and yet he made up the Peace of *France* at the same time. Intercessions thus bestow the merit, as well as the reward. And therefore we have it thus in our Prayer-Books, *Da nobis ut mereamur fieri participes, &c.* Words which the *Huguenots* that laugh at them, do not understand at all.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of Purgatory.

GEntlemen, ſince you Courtiers will have a Purgatory, we muſt of neceſſity find out a place for this Purgatory, without going to ſeek it in St. *Patrick*'s hole, as *Henry Stevens* diſcourſes in his Apology for *Herodotus*. I find what he ſays to be very ſmooth and pleaſing, but it is not at all approv'd by the *Sorbon*. Truly were I to manage this buſineſs like a Divine, I fear me, I ſhould be very much puzzl'd. I went and conſulted Monſieur Confeſſor, who laugh'd at their Curioſity; I ask'd him, where any mention was made of Purgatory in the Holy Scriptures: But he produc'd me nothing but dark and doubtful Sentences, whence there was nothing of Truth to be collected. I enquir'd concerning the Fathers; he told me, St. *Auſtin* ſpake of Purgatory in his 11. Book upon *Geneſis*. In his Comment upon St. *John*, Treat. 47. And in his Book of the City of God c. 8. And in ſeveral other places, but finding nothing to the purpoſe, I reſolv'd to ſurceaſe all farther Theological Scrutinies.

For

to ſay truth, my Divinity-reading has quite bauk'd me; and I deſie the whole *Sorbon* to tell me where it is. I alſo deſire to know where that *third party* is, ſo much talk'd of in *France*; the dread whereof ſtrook a farther ſtroak to the King's Converſion then that of Purgatory. Now I maintain that I find this ſame Purgatory, and this third Party are lodg'd both together at *Nogent*. Some there are that place Purgatory in *Auvergne*, where they have alſo confin'd the Count of *Auvergne*. But he is deliver'd from this Ambulatorie Purgatory at this fortunate juncture of time, when all the fair Rooms in Paradiſe are all richly hung, and magnificently furniſh'd for the Sons of Strumpets. He has nothing but laugh'd at the overturning of his Coach-man, and is ready to re-eſtabliſh in that Sacred place thoſe *Amours*, of which he was inſtructed in his abſence. There are ſome other little Purgatories in *France*, but they make no great noiſe, becauſe that pardons are ſo cheap there. The Grand Purgatory is then at *Nogent*, where the Count of *Soiſſons* at his Veſtals fire, purifies his own Train, which is the *Third Party*; there where he hears talk of the joys of the Paradiſe of the Court, and laughs at them after the manner of St. *Medard*. Some Angels or Mercuries, ſuch

as

as *Varenne*, will viſit him as they paſs by: and they ſay, he will take leave of his good Lady, and return to undergo his full ſufferings. The other imaginary accomplices of the *Third Party*, wandering thereabout, as being vagabond Souls for want of Earth and Baſtions to interr them. They farther ſay that *Nogent* is a very proper place to play at Fiſte-Cuffs in; and that the *Third Party* which conſtrain'd the King to his Converſion, will ſoon compel him to perſecute the *Huguenots*, or to make his condition alternative. The Count of *Lude*, having ſometime ſince tak'n me for his Chieftain, asked of me whether I did not think his fortune to be very good. When you ride Poſt, ſaid I, do you take any pleaſure in a Jade whoſe knees are brok'n? He anſwer'd me, no. Conſider then, that when this great Captain quitted the Deceas'd King's Party, on purpoſe to turn *Huguenot*; and then left the *Huguenots*, for that they had ſeen him ſet his tayl in the Manger at *Courtrac*, when he mutiny'd againſt all the appearances of the battells, and avenues of the Duke of *Parma*, when he raviſh'd *Madam* inviſibly, he has a Cure for all theſe accidents, as having ſeven times clapt his knees upon the ground. Now my dear friend Monſieur *Le Comte*, would you lay your Saddle upon an over-ridden

Hackney, with broken knees to boot? By ſuch arguments as theſe have I ſeduc'd the Conſtable of the *Third Party* out of the Purgatory of *Nogent*. *Laverdin* would have thruſt his Noſe in; but they demanded money for his entrance; he told me he had made ſuch a regulation in the firſt Army of the *Third Party*, that it ſhould never oppreſs the people. And in truth I find that the Great Officers of the Exchequer and the Magazines have had leiſure enough.

To this purpoſe they quote me the Anſwer which the King made, when the Count wrote to him, that he lay there to pray to God. The King to be quit with him ſent him word, That he would take care to the end his prayers might be the more perfect, that they ſhould not want faſting. The Thunder of St. *Denis* was found to be too violent for a Purgatory-fire, and forc'd the Thunderer to ſurceaſe his Determination. The *Tayl of Bourbon*, whom the *Huguenots* call the head of *Marotte*, and which Monſieur *William* never took for a man but for a ſhadow; This diminutive Prieſt turn'd over his Breviary, and met by good fortune with this Text of the Goſpel, *Non habet filius hominis ubi requieſcat caput*; and thereupon he ſaid to *Bellozone* (he for whoſe ſake it

it was reported, that my Wife is fair among the Aſſes;) that is to ſay, that my Brother has no place that holds for us. But Monſieur *William* oppoſes him, and ſays, that there are four places ſtill left for the *Third Party*, places well protected from the fire of Heaven, *Sodom*, *Gomorra*, *Adma*, and *Iſeboin*. The Author of the Viſions of the ſaid Maſter *William* treats very largely upon this ſubject. I ſhall conclude this Chapter, with a Remonſtrance to the Authors of the *Third Party*, and of the third Place. Know then moſt zealous Catholics, that this Party is neither condemn'd nor abſolv'd, as having done neither good nor harm, and therefore only reduc'd to Purgatory. Your miſery is, that you are not authoriz'd by men of courage, but only by ſuch as call cowardice, patience. The Pope has not eſtabliſh'd Purgatory only by words. It was not your buſineſs to raiſe ſo many Diſputes about the Princes of the blood; the Pope has ſetl'd Purgatory by fulminations, and you muſt have an Army of Thunderers for your deſign. He ſhews the Keys of St. *Peter*, as infallible Openers, not only of the Gates of Heaven, but of the purſes of all Fools in general. There's a neceſſity alſo for the *pains* of St. *Paul* to be even with thoſe that oppoſe the Decretals, and to

eſtabliſh the Third place. Thus when the *Lutherans* would diſpute it out, they were made to feel the fire of Purgatory by burning them that miſ-believ'd it. When the *Huguenots* attacqu'd the Spiritual Canons, they made uſe of the Temporal. So that upon occaſion I have compar'd the Third Party to *Purgatory* which was only in *Potentia*. The other was never in Act, and indeed the Queſtion is of no great Importance, witneſs----------who at ſixty years of age, marry'd a young maid of twenty, of whom he grew as jealous as a Tigre, and of a moſt jealous old Fool was made a moſt Catholic Cuckold. Againſt which he us'd all the Applications of *Hans Carvell*. His friends asking him one day, how he came to play the fool ſo? After he had rubb'd his Ears, and wip'd his Fore head, ſcratching the hinder part of his Pole, with a down-caſt look upon the Evidences of his frailty; Theſe *Huguenots*, ſaid he, are the cauſe of my misfortunes. For in former times our Anceſtors had a reſting place to bait by the way, as they went to Paradiſe, but now theſe Tatterdemallions have diſmantl'd Purgatory, we muſt go directly to Heaven, therefore I got me this Hackney to ride now and then, as I ſaw occaſion, but never dreamt ſhe would have ſtumbl'd at this rate.

CHAP. V.

Of Juſtification by Works, and of other Acts of Merit.

ACcording to this holy method of arguing points of Divinity by Similitudes, there is no neceſſity for all Chriſtians to truſt to the Interceſſion of Saints. For there are a ſort of honeſt people and of very good faſhion, who gain Heaven without it, by their own brave and good deeds; as by the taking of one *Rouen*, to be made Commanders of *Tholouſe*, *Narbonne*, *Carcaſſon*, and other places. Another to be made Governour of *Orleance*, *Bourges*, and the dependancies, another of *Poictiers*; another of the three Frontiers of *Bretaigne*. Theſe are works by God's Authority, which have been juſtifi'd; and without ſaying, *ut mereamur*, they have merited, or at leaſt obtain'd general pardon and favour. They that wrought theſe meritorious deeds have guelt the public Exchequers and are juſtifi'd thereby. Let the Heretics with their St. *Paul* preach Faith and Grace as long as they

pleaſe, theſe with their St. *James* F.—— St. *James* of *Spain*, have prov'd their faith by their works. Upon this ground it is, vain *Huguenots*, that we muſt not admit Juſtification of works to be difficult, after ſuch works have been juſtifi'd. They have obtain'd a Law, and this Law has been a Law of Grace; but when you ſhall have an occaſion to require a Law, yours ſhall be ſo lean and meagre, and got with ſo much trouble, that you ſhall be forc'd to confeſs with me, that there is a neceſſity of *Impetus* by works, and not of faith; you do not believe in the Popes Indulgences. Now mark but the Indulgencies of a King, who is not a Pope, and we ſhall find that theſe good works which you make ſcruple to juſtifie, are become ſo meritorious as to have gain'd poor *Villars* the Admiralty of *France*. Other Marſhals, though they have no Mints of their own, yet can coyn what money they pleaſe. And whereas other ſuperſtitious Hypocrites ſpend their time & their money to buy pardons for ſo many thouſand years; theſe can ſhew ye thouſands of Crowns got in a few months. Inſomuch that the payments of the merits of the League being caſt up, the whole ſum amounted to above ſeven millions, ſeven hundred and ſixty thouſand Crowns. More then this, theſe

good

good works have extended their benefits and ſupererogations to others, who have taken leſſer Towns and Villages under the chief Leader, ſo that the Followers have been canoniz'd for the ſuper-abounding merit of the Commander. I do not bring into this rank, either *Merceur* or *Eſpernon*. They are yet to know more, what it is to truſt in works. Now then let us ſee who they are that are ſo diligent in preſerving their faith to their King and Countrey, believing *That the juſt ſhall live by faith*. Theſe are they *That do deeds worthy of Repentance*, but not good works, not conſidering that faith without works al-a-mode is a dead faith. Whence it comes to paſs, that ſome are ſtarv'd to death; others attend in the low Court of the *Loure*, mangl'd Captains, conſumptive Majors, maim'd Soldiers, wooden-leg'd Engineers, Spies and Diſcoverers, with their Stockins out at heels, that walk all together in the *Switzers*-Hall, and have nothing to do, but to exclaim againſt Madam Ingratitude *in genere petitorio, non ſuaſorio*. Captains carrying the Basket, the poor Soldiers the Mattock; ſome ſhewing their wounds, others numbring the fights they have been in; the Eſtates they have loſt, ſome mutt'ring libels, others modelling a Reformation, and others

ſtudying where to get a meal upon the Coin of Reputation. But ſome perſon or other will ſay, have not all theſe poor Miſcreants by your relation toil'd ſufficiently? Tell us ſome of their works; I anſwer, they were works of Iniquity, in regard it is an illthing to ſerve the ingrateful: And *Limaille* reproaching the King with the long continuance of his ſervices, and his patience; and how he had render'd himſelf irreconcileable to his neighbours for having faithfully executed his Majeſtie's commands, concluded his diſcourſe with telling him he had not wherewithal to buy himſelf a Dinner: *Ventre St. Gri*, ſaid the King, who was not wont to ſwear after the *Roman* manner, my Kingdom has been a pillaging for theſe ſo many years laſt paſt, why did not you rob ſomething for your ſelf? Rob as the reſt do. *Nothing*, ſhews that works of that nature are not works; and by conſequence unworthy of reward. The poor man continu'd to his dying day, and conſidering his condition, carry'd off the greateſt ſhare of the honour of the Siege of *Amiens*, where he dy'd in the Mines of the Wall; and this is call'd *doing nothing*. He that would ſee this ſubject more learnedly handl'd, let him read the King's Apology, compos'd by Monſieur *Catrier*, then chief Miniſter to *Madam.*

dam. The King ſhew'd it me for the ſtyle of *Madam de Rohan.* An Apology full of prevarication, which *Roquellaure* hearing read, cry'd out, *Mort dieu*, They that wrote this, how much do they know of our buſineſs? Some there are who accuſe *La Ruffie*, in regard that after a diſcourſe concerning the humor of the King, which was to puniſh good Services, and recompence Crimes, he ſaid to them that complained of his Majeſty, you ought to blame your ſelves not him. For ſince you underſtand his humor, if you expect rewards, you ſhould do well to merit them by works worthy of recompence. After that, he ſpeaks of thoſe who have the honour to be a kin to his Majeſty; and thoſe he renders worſe us'd, then the meaner Servants; which makes me ſuſpect *La Ruffie* to be the Author of this writing, wherein he calls himſelf one of the King's kinſmen. Witneſs the ſpeech that his deceas'd Mother made to *Madam* at *Bergerac*, *I recommend, ſaid ſhe, to your care that poor knave*, La Ruffie. You have more reaſon to love him, then any other; *For the ſame reaſon that I have known the King your Father.* So have many others beſides you, reply'd *Madam.* To which the *Perigordine* made anſwer, *ſo voſtra gratia prou intendi ſo l'honordi die garde & de la Compania, Carnaument.*

Afterwards *La Ruffie* was honor'd with the Office of a Spie at *Chaſtellerault*, where he did a deſerving act, for he ſtole certain papers, and was made Counſellor of State, and Cuckold general under pay. He that deſires to read more of this Story may read the Laſt Will and Teſtament of *Salbeuf*, a Gentleman of *Gaſcognie*, who though he were a good Catholic, accompany'd the K. in his flight from *Paris* untill the Siege, ſold ſeven Horſes which belong'd to his Train, making known to the King his daily loſſes. At length ſhame drave him away from the Court. But the deſire he had to dye in his Prince's ſervice, detain'd him in the Army, where he liſted himſelf in one of the Companies of the Guards, commanded by his younger Brother. It happen'd that when the Cannons had ruin'd the ſhops under the Gate *St. Honorè*, this very perſon deſir'd to be ſet the outmoſt Sentinel in the Ruins: whereupon, the King viſiting his Guards, and his Approaches in the night-time, the Captain from the corner of a houſe, ſhew'd him his Eldeſt Brother. The King ſeeing himſelf touch'd ſo to the quick, went away without ſpeaking one word. Some few days afterward, this poor Gentleman having again try'd the inclination of his Prince, at length o'recome with grief and

labour

labour of body dy'd; and though unlearned, made his Will; wherein he firſt beg'd pardon of God and then of the King his Maſter, for having ſerv'd him in his Amours with *Katharine de Luc d'Agen*, and ſeveral others; ſome of whom were alſo themſelves ſtarv'd to death with the Children which they had by the King. There was alſo much about the ſame time another Will made by the younger Son of the Chancellor of the Hoſpital, who having left his Eſtate, betook himſelf to attend the King in all his afflictions, and to ſtick to the Faith and Religion of his party, who thinking to have found a Sanctuary for his Errors at *Quillebeuf*, which of a ſmall Village was made a Garriſon, was ſhamefully repuls'd and diſgrac'd by the Sieur *du Pleſſis*. Thereupon pronouncing with his own mouth, the Sentence of his death, he call'd for Paper, and made his Will, which contain'd much of the ſame ſubject: but more openly and plainly detecting the King's ſecrets: but his ſervants, violated the laſt commands of their Maſter, and ſurrender'd up the Copy, which as they ſay fully juſtifi'd my opinion concerning the Juſtification of Works.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Of Miracles and Pilgrimages.

THE Deceas'd Cardinal, of happy memory, in regard of his birth, as being of the houſe of *Lorrain*, underſtanding that the Marſhal *de Fervaques*, of happy memory alſo, had diſcover'd a young Girl, whom *Belovet* the Prieſt, otherwiſe call'd the holy man, had inſtructed how to counterfeit a *Demoniac*, or perſon poſſeſs'd with a Devil; on purpoſe to make out a Miracle the *Eaſter* following; this great Prelate pronounc'd *Fervaques* guilty of a high peice of Impiety, ſaying, That though Miracles were falſe, they were uſeful to make out pious frauds: and certainly he did a very great kindneſs to the Country; for in a place uninhabited before, in three years there were built up above fourſcore Houſes, and fifty Inns, which nevertheleſs were not ſufficient to entertain the Pilgrims that came from all parts, and ſome of them Perſonages of great Quality living in other Countries. Now, were there no other Miracle then that of the building of the

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Houſes, the far ſpreading, and the long continuance of an opinion firmly and really believ'd without any foundation, methinks there is no Schiſmatic, but ſhould confeſs it to be ſomewhat ſtrange; and indeed this it is which madds the Heretics, to ſee the people enflam'd with zealous intentions. True it is, that I would fain admoniſh the good Fathers that manage theſe things to carry their buſineſs a litle more prudently and cloſely. He that taught the Demoniac of *Laon* to bid us labour the extirpation of the Hereticks or *Huguenots* was a mere fool; for, as *Poſtell* obſerves, That would ſeem to intimate that the Devil is the commander of our happineſs. Therefore when Prelats deſign any ſuch Inventions, which are not well laid, or well diſguiz'd, they ought to dreſs them up again, poliſh and put a value upon them, not by oppoſing them, as did the Biſhop of *Angers* when two young religious Friers, full of *zeal*, brought him a young Lady, exactly inſtructed in demonology, who play'd her part ſo well, that ſhe play'd the Devil for God's ſake. The Biſhop caus'd the Demoniac to be brought before him, and made a moſt nice inquiſition into the buſineſs. He demanded which were the moſt violent ſigns by which they conjectur'd

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her to be ſo cramm'd with Devils. One of the *Devil-maſters* made anſwer, That there were two things by which they knew the violence of her Torments; one was, if her skin were touch'd with any Croſs, but eſpecially one that were made of the Wood of the true Croſs; the other was, by her bounding, and leaping, and yelling, and roaring, when any Text of the Goſpel was read to her.. The Biſhop had then about his neck one of thoſe Croſſes of which we ſhall ſpeak in the Chapter of Relicques. For his Father, from whom I learnt the moſt ſecret paſſages of the deceas'd King's life, could not want Jewels that was ſo dextrous as he was, and ſo often entruſted with the King's Jewels. One of the *Devil-teachers* eſpying this Croſs, pull'd up the Maid's Coats, almoſt as high as her Knee, as ſhe lay upon the ground, and deſir'd the Prelate to touch her skin gently with the Croſs. Upon which this wicked Biſhop pulls off his Croſs indeed, but at the ſame time ſlily pulls out a Key out of his pocket, and touches the Girle's Leg; She, no ſooner felt the cold of the Key, but ſhe almoſt frighted the people out of their wits to ſee what Curvets and Capers ſhe made. To make the ſecond proof, the Biſhop pull'd out of his pocket a *Petronius Arbiter*,

Arbiter, inſtead of his *Breviary*, and began to read *Matrona quædam* Epheſi: With that ſhe fell a foaming at the mouth, and wonder-working at a prodigious rate, but when the Biſhop came to read *placitone etiam pugnabis amore?* The Devil, who never lov'd in his life, grew ſo impatient, that the poor Creature not able to endure his twinges, ſounded away upon the floor: upon that, the Biſhop, like a demi-*Lutheran*, ſaid, he could not ſmother ſuch an impoſture: but he had not read an ancient Doctor, who ſays 'tis better to let people go on in their Superſtition, then ſpoil their Devotion. The Biſhop was well reprov'd for his raſhneſs, ſo that he did not ſhew himſelf ſo much a misbeliever to the ſecond Demoniac that was preſented to him, whoſe name was *Martha*, and brought by an honeſt *Capuchin*. She had two Devils within her, the one was call'd *Belzebub*, and the other *Aſtarot*. The firſt was a churliſh, boyſtrous, hectoring Devil, a great Enemy to the *Huguenots*; he fought with all the World, and he had drubb'd Monſieur *Matros* of *Angiers* himſelf, had he not taken a good Cudgel in his hand, crying out, Mr. Fly-catcher *Belzebub*, if thou playeſt thy tricks with me, I will ſwinge thee like a Devil indeed. *Aſtarot* was an

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honeſt Devil, young and gentle, who deſir'd that *Martha* ſhould be well treated and handſomely clad; in which Equipage ſhe was preſented to the Clergy of *Angiers*. The Clergy deſir'd that theſe two Devils of quality ſhould be firſt examin'd by the Church. One of the Judges of the City ſaid, that it concern'd their Honour, and upon the Examination of theſe two Spirits began to ſpeak Latin, and then Greek; at that *Belzebub* began to be in wroth and told 'em, if they would, he would anſwer 'em as well in Greek as in Latin; but the Capuchin, to furniſh the Devils with an excuſe, reply'd, my friend *Belzebub*, you muſt know that here are Heretics in the Room, and therefore I adviſe ye not to ſpeak at all. Then they went to poſing of *Aſtarot*, but he excus'd himſelf by reaſon of his Youth. *Belzebub* made his excuſe by ſaying he was a poor Devil. Upon that aroſe a great diſpute, whether the Devils were bound to go to School. The Lawyers maintain'd, that it was proper *in quarto modo* for Demoniacks to ſpeak all Languages, as he did at *Cartigni* in *Savoy*, who was try'd in 16 Tongues: So that the Miniſters at *Geneva* durſt not attempt to exorciſe him. They of *Angiers* were more hardy, who began thus, *Commando tibi ut*

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exeas Belzebub *&* Aſtarot, *aut ego augmentabo veſtras pœnas et vobis dabo acriores.* The ſecond time he was more fierce, *Jubeo ut exeatis ſuper pœnam Excommunicationis majoris & minoris.* The third time in a pelting chaſe, *Niſi vos exeatis*, ſaid he, *vos relego & confino in infernum centum annos plus quam Deus exordinavit.* The Counſellours were about to laugh, and to have diſcover'd the fraud, but the people mutiny'd, and the Biſhop to make his peace, alleg'd that he had ſuppreſs'd a Catholic Printer by Excommunication, who was about to print a book of *Dupleſſis*, and that if they pleas'd, he would excommunicate *Hauttain* of *Rochel.* That which is the greateſt blot to the Reputation of theſe incarnate *mock-ſhews* is, that the affront redounds to our Lady of *Ardilliers*, there being a neceſſity for her Curate to caſt out Devils by the power, and in the name of that good Lady, that ſcorn'd to ſtir at the name of God; which has mainly augmented the devotion and number of her *Pilgrims.* Some ſaid, that this Miracle was reſerv'd for precedencie's ſake, to Frier *Ange*, *Lugulis*, Lievtenant to the grand Provoſt, and a great Adverſary of theſe Fable-mongers, who would make us all turn Heretics; *but if I believe 'em*, quo he,

he, *would I were hang'd.* When I reply'd, that he did not do well to ſpeak ſo plainly, he made anſwer, that there were two thouſand Souls in Heaven, and as many upon Earth, that would anſwer for him, that he was no *Huguenot*: we laugh'd at him, and would not ſuffer him to raiſe the *Huguenots* blood, ſeeing ſo many lame, blind, deaf, leaprous in mind, as well as body, flocking to our Lady of *Ardilliers*, and the whole Level full of comers and goers, who if they are not cur'd, it is for want of Faith, as *Belovet* told his *Pilgrims.* And therefore you are not to be ſcandaliz'd, to ſee the diſeaſed return as they came; for the operation of the Miracle never appears, till after beleif. Upon which ſcore that Preiſt perſuaded ſome of the blind to ſay they did ſee, and ſome of the deaf to ſay they did hear when they did not. He had never a trick in his budget to help the crooked and lame, and therefore they had nothing to ſay, but only this, that they could not go at all before they were brought thither. According to that, *Obedientiam expoſtulat Eccleſia.* Or as *Bernardus Ochinus* ſays, *That the Miracles of the Maſs are inviſible.* He that knows not his Trade, muſt ſhut up his Shop. Could but the Heretics convert

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into Miracles, the Cures which are done at the Hot-baths, they would have a fine time on't, and therefore our people have dextrouſly canoniz'd the foundations of *Pougnes*, and every where elſe eſtabliſh'd very paſſable natural Miracles. It behoves us to give a ſmall ſample of the Miracles of our good Lady, that ſhall endure to the Reſurrection, by the notable ſtory enſuing; *Madam de la Chaſtre*, being become extraordinary jealous of her Husband, and of one of her Daughters, reconcil'd her ſelf to the *Sieur de Montigni*, to whom ſhe had bin an utter Enemy before the Wars. Neither was there any need of much invitation to recal him to her friendſhip, in regard he was very much a freind to *La Marcouſſi*. The firſt office of Reconciliation was to kill *La Berthelemy*, the Diſcoverer of the Amours of the Father and the Daughter. And it was probable enough that the Murder would take effect, in regard that ſhe had in truth combin'd againſt *Montigni*. After all ſatisfaction and content in the beleif of the execution, comes poſt to the Houſe, riding a ſtraddle, *Madam Avoy de St. Lawrence of the waters*, who after ſhe had made the ſign of the Croſs, began the harangues of *Nathan* and *David*. Which being done, theſe two fair Ladies

dies reſolve after Confeſſion, to go and do Penance at *Ardeliers*. Madam *Avoye* cauſes a new habit to be got for her ſelf; the habit of Madam *La Caſtre* was put on by *Suardaine*, and ſhe put on the habit of Madam *Avoye*: The Miſtreſs call'd her ſelf *Madamoiſelle de St. Lawrens*, *La Sourdaine* went by the name of *Celeſtine*. Being come to *Ardilliers*, the Curate of the place heard the Confeſſion of the Murder, with ſighs and ſobs: but at length it was concluded firſt by the Curate, and then by *Celeſtine*, that our Lady ſhould repair this loſs rather by a Reſurrection, then by an Interceſſion. By which means it came to paſs that the poor ——— which was thought to have bin buried, was rais'd again through the merits of the Curate. A moſt delicate Viſion, when after nine days, Madam *Celeſtine* lying proſtrate before the Altar; her Miſtreſs, *Madamoiſelle St. Laurens*, holding the Curate by the tail, that the *Hoſt* (for there were no other Witneſſes) ſhould behold the plump *La Berthelemie* come from behind the Altar; who throwing her winding ſheet to the ground came forward to pardon her Miſtreſs, then habited like a penitent Siſter; who preſently fell upon her knees before the naked Soul, which ſhe took at firſt for an apparition, but

but finding her entire and every part ſafe and ſound, Madam *Avoye* ran to embrace her, Madam *La Chaſtre* kiſs'd her; after that they interkiſs'd one another, and the Curate kiſs'd 'em all four. The main trouble was to cover the nakedneſs of the party riſen, for the Pilgrims were out of patience to find the Doors of the Chappel ſo long ſhut: Thereupon Madam *Avoye*, and Madam *La Chaſtre* divided their own Veſtments: Madam *La Chaſtre* gave her her Petty-coat, and *Celeſtine* gave her her Cap, and ſo they carry'd her, crying out *a Miracle*, *a Miracle*, to the Curat's Houſe, where *Montigni* lay conceal'd. He that would know the reſt of the ſtory, may ſee the Proceſs in the Grand Council, which will not be cancell'd this Shrovetide, whatever it be the next. The Heretics commenting upon the Story, ſay, That it was a Sheep which *Montigni* murder'd, *La Berthelemie* her ſelf had buri'd it in a Garret, and afterwards *Madam de la Chaſtre*, when ſhe had danc'd the Canaries about the blood, and ſung an *I am reveng'd*, *La Berthelemie* return'd, and aſſiſted to draw away the dead body, and ſo threw it into the houſe of Office. They ſay alſo, that it was *Montigni* who caus'd Madam *Avoye* to take Poſt, to ſcare that enrag'd

enrag'd Woman out of her houſe, to the end that while ſhe was from home, they might the better ſend away *La Berthelemy* from *Boyancy*, and convey her to *Saumur*, where ſhe might be uſeful to her Benefactor, after her Reſurrection, in his *Amours*. They ſay, That the Curate of *Ardilliers* was pay'd in good fleſh, which *La Berthelemy* provided for him during the nine dayes; but that he found *Madam de* St. *Lawrence* and *Celeſtine* ſo lean, that he was ſatisfi'd with one meal. I could tell ye the whole Story, the Priſons broken, the Skirmiſhes between the Guards of *Mareſchal de la Chaſtre*, and the Ladies Pages, the Preparatives of *Marcuſſi* to poyſon his Wife. But the Secretary of *Molier* of *Poiction* has wrote a Relation thereof to celebrate the Miracle, after which I was ſatisfi'd that it went ſomewhat beyond the limits of Theology. I will conclude this Chapter with the Epitaph made at *Ardilliers* by Madam *Avoye* in the ſtyle of St. *Innocent*.

Here ſhe lyes, yet lyeth not;
A Mutton in her place was put.
Nor did Montigni, *as they cry,*
Murder plump Barthelemie.

That ſhe was kill'd is truely ſaid,
Becauſe ſhe ſhew'd her ſelf ſo buſie
To pimp for Wife of young Marcuſſi;
But the Preiſt of Ardilliers
Rais'd her ſweetly by his prayers,
When fifteen Months ſhe had bin dead.

If you find this Sepulcher in any other place, the treaty of Miracles requires it at your hands.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Relicques and Devotions of the deceas'd King.

ONe of the things which mov'd me moſt of all to contemn the Church, was to read certain books, which are utterly ſuppreſs'd (heaven be prais'd) at this time, as the *Book of the Merchands*, the *Chriſtian Knight*, *Ranſack and Fragments between the Pope and Chriſt*. But above all, the Inventory of Relicques; with ſeveral others which I will not name, for fear of ſending to read them Wits too curious of their Salvation, and too much enclin'd to reject the works

works of authentic writers. One day I ſaw an *Auſtin* Frier, with a wallet on his back, crying out, Will ye buy any Paradiſe. A *Huguenot* ſaw me ſcandaliz'd at the paſſage, and took his time to ſhew me all thoſe little books which I forbid all perſons whatever for the repoſe of their Conſciences to read, who intend to live at reſt and quiet in the Catholic Religion. It is known that I have bin thirteen times an Embaſſadour, for which reaſon, as I have travel'd at another mans Coſt, I have bin ſo ill adviz'd, as to juſtifie this inventory of Relicques, and another book entitl'd *Le Coſe mara viglioſe del almaCittà di Roma. The wonderful things of our Mother Church of* Rome, printed at the ſame place, *Anno* 1545. with Licence of the Superiours, by *Giovanni Oſmarino Gigliolo.* This book confirms the Inventory which *Calvin* made. This I found in my Travels, and the reading of ſuch books taught me to contemn the Relicques of Saints, finding 15 or 16 Bodies of St. *Peter*, 18 of St. *Paul*, ſeaven or eight Bodies of every Saint, ten thouſand Martyrs buri'd in the compaſs of a ſmall Cheſt; the prints of the footſteps of our Lord, and the Angels; the prints of the Buttocks of St. *Fiacre en Brie* upon a ſtone. At *Joſſe* in *Au-*

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vergne, in *Catalogne* and other places, a linnen cloth of the Virgin's own fowling; when ſhe might have made the ſame excuſe that *Rachel* did. The feathers of the Angel *Gabriel*. The Hatchet of *Joſeph* the Carpenter. The ſtones of the Window where the Angel enter'd. The Virgin's Milk: At *Mailleraiſ, in una parva purſa ſatini Rubri*, the parings of her nailes. Several heads of St. *Denis* and St. *John*; in ſundry places ſome of his blood, which they ſay boils upon his Feſtival day; and the ſneezings of the Holy Ghoſt. As I was a Heretic, I laught at theſe things, and wondred at ſuch a diſſipation of the members of the Saints, eſpecially when we reproach the *Huguenots* for having ſo far diſturb'd their repoſe, as they have done already. I am alſo to deſire the pardon of Monſieur Confeſſour. For I muſt confeſs in good earneſt in this Chapter, That I have laught at the great bleſſings and benefits, which he caus'd to be printed the laſt year, for the reaſons which the Reader ſhall find by what follows. I have ſtrange ſtories to tell, to prove the virtue of Reliques. For I proteſt, I had rather ſee the *Huguenots* laugh at the great power and efficacies of St. *Goyaux*, then publiſh ſuch ſtories as theſe, were they not common to Lacquayes and Pages. For we

ought to conceal the Vices of our Princes: but ſince they are diſcover'd, we muſt ſeek to defend them by the authority of the Statutes of the Holy See. St. *Luke* was the firſt that diſcover'd the Myſtery. For he fled to *Brouage*, when *La Sarbarante* and the *Angel*, which he counterfeited, to terrifie his Maſter and reſcue his own Carcaſs, were diſcover'd by his companion, the Duke of *Joyeuſe*. *Rochefort* was too blame, to make the Anagram of St. *Luke*, *Cats in cul.* He poor boy abominated that ſort of Villany, and was abſolutely forc'd to it the firſt time; the King cauſing him to take a book out of a Cheſt, the cover of which the grand *Prior* and *Carmelle* clapt down upon his Reines; and this they call'd privately among themſelves, *taking the Hare in a trap.* So clear it is that this honeſt Gentleman was forc'd to the trade, and thereupon ſo terrifi'd his Maſter, that he had either ſorely repented or dy'd for it, had not the Duke of *Joyeuſe* diſcover'd the enterprize, to prevent the utter ruine of his fortune. I do not think I do ill, to diſcover the ſtory of the *Tapiſtry-maker*; for the King ſeeing him at the top of his two ladders wiping the dirt from the Candleſtics, became ſo enamour'd of him, that he fell aweeping before he went forth, and call'd

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out for Monſieur *Le Grand* to be ſent for to him, who to him himſelf diſcover'd the love of one ey'd *Reveillon*, Captain of the Guides, who was laid hold upon, through impatience of expecting a young guide which he had promis'd; and thoſe Amours of the Duke and of *Eſpernon*, and He, when upon the very day of the death of the deceas'd King, he fell upon his knees in the Chamber, between the deceas'd King and him that is now living, before two hundred Gentlemen, and which is worſe, the greateſt part of them *Huguenots*, at what time he cryed out, with tears in his eyes, Couſin, pardon me, for the King forc'd me to it at firſt, and I have not taken your place, to do you any wrong. *Eſpernon* aſham'd, but better adviz'd, reply'd, you talk like a Woman, I know not what you mean. *Siblot* at a public audience, the King having ſent for him to make ſport, and inform'd him touching Maſter ——— who to cauſe him to reſtore a Livery Horſe, fail'd in his bargain, to tax him with ſo much violence concerning his Governour, but becauſe he does not well explain his meaning, I ſhall ſay no more of it. However *Loignac* went away ſnobbing and crying all the way to *Poictiers*, where being viſited by the chief

of the Town, who thought him ſtill in favour, he made them ſad complaints of his Honour loſt, and of his being turn'd out of Service and not paid, almoſt all at the ſame time. After came to light thoſe of the Wife of *Salettes*, by means of a Letter taken, among the Baggage of the Duke of *Joyeuſe* at *Coutras*. St. *Severine*, for this very act afterwards call'd the *wild Colt*, having eſcap'd out of the King's Cabinet, by the overturning of *Duhalde* and *Soupitre*, who kept the doors of the two high Chambers, fled among the Guards to tell the Marſhal *d'Aumont*, that the King had ſent *Montigni* to find him out; and that he, joyful to be admitted into the Cabinet, made haſt away thither, where the King demanding of him, Who that Miſtreſs was, for the ſake of whoſe love he could never have his company, and he again replying in brok'n *French*, *that if he had Miſtreſs of Gold, he would ſerve none but his Majeſty*, the King made anſwer, I find you take the Womens part, but yet you are not ignorant of the ſacred and philoſophical Love, *who I*, ſaid St. *Severin*, I am a Souldier, and no Philoſopher. Here the diſpute ended. For at the ſame time the Maſter laid hold of his Codpeice, *Montigni* flew to his neck, and Monſieur *d'O.* to his

points. Now they run after the poor Gentleman to appeaſe the Guards, diſſatisfi'd with his Hat and his Cloak. The worſt was, that the old *French-man* had like to have kill'd him, after he had heard his tale, Swearing he'd be hang'd if this were true. More then that, he muſt to Priſon. That impriſonment compleated the Tragedy. He was kept cloſe for a Month, and ſome ſay longer. True it is, that afterwards he ſurrender'd himſelf to the Duke of *Mayen*: but thoſe of *Paris* not believing this ſtory, took him for a *Zopyras*, and ſent him to be kept in ſafe Cuſtody at St. *Germaines de Prez*; and ſome few Months after that, he was ſlain, together with two or three hundred Gentlemen more, attempting to regain the City. Stories like theſe, and many others were brought by the Courrier of the Duke of *Longuevile*, from whom the King demanded the other Pacquet, before he had ſeen that of *Papier*; after which he return'd with his poſt-boy to carry the news of their actions into *Picardie*. The Conſtable's Courrier made the ſame complaints as far as *Languedoc*, above all things complaining of the Count of *Mauleurier* who produc'd him. But his Maſter reprehended him for bogling at a ſmall matter, and ſent him back again with

his pacquets. Is not this enough to satisfie the World, that these secrets were not divulg'd by me alone? Should I relate what the Prince of *Conde* privately told me, when they spent a whole night highly pleas'd in the Apprentiship of the Count of *Avergne* to his Navel. Or should I relate the banishment of young *Rosny*, for being ill supply'd: Or of *Noailles* for having written over his bed these Verses,

No happiness, no good contents me,
That from my Deity absents me.

To which the King of *Navar* added with his own hand.

Ne're exalt my Aunt so high,
She loves too well Humanity.

By that, a discovery was made, that he lov'd women, contrary to the Rules of the Holy Love, which caus'd him to be kick'd out of doors, like the Duke of *Longuevile*, for requesting his Colours of the King by a Letter written in guilt Paper. Should I relate the Espousals of *Quelus*, and that other Contract signed with the blood of—— and Monsieur *O.* by which he espoused Monsieur *Le Grand*. Should I rehearse the

words

words of that Prince, kneeling by the body of dead *Maugiron*, with his lips where they ought not to have been, I ſhould diſpleaſe the Count of *Curavas*, who having lent them his Chamber, ſpy'd them through a hole in his Cabinet. Should I diſcover the door which the Conſtable made at *Tolembray*, for his private converſe with *Le Grand*, Men would blame my too Satyrical humor: ſhould I relate what was told me by *Le Pont*, how he was taken by the Coller, at a time when *Le Grand* was impatiently expected, who durſt not paſs by, for fear of the Duke of *Eſpernon*, who walk'd in his way, with his Hat pull'd down over Eye-brows, & Sword his in his hand, ſwearing like a Bell-founder, There was no paſſing that way to day. Did not the young Deputies of the Eſtates of *Blois*, make their complaints to the Provinces that ſent them, That they were ſent only to be abus'd in their Chaſtities, as the only means to corrupt their Fidelity? But to draw advantage from theſe things thus divulg'd, I ſay, and I know (for my ſervices gave me the conveniency of acceſs) that the King having conciev'd a wonderful dread of theſe things in the time of *Sarbatane*, became ſo fearful, that he trembled at the leaſt flaſh of Lightning, or at the leaſt noiſe of Thunder. Monſieur

Roe, cur'd him of the greateſt part of this fear, with an *Agnus Dei* bleſt by the hand of his Holineſs. But after that, he chang'd his fancy from active into paſſive, and grew ſo timid, that he was afraid of the whiſtleing of the very winds; and then the good Prince ſtood in need of more violent remedies, and by the counſel of Father *Ange*, who griev'd for him, and ſhew'd him, how he had committed Maſculine Inceſt, becauſe he was Brother to the Duke of *Joyeuſe*, they lay'd the foundations of the *Capuchins*, *Jeroſolimites* and *Fueillants*, a ſort of begging Fryers that wear brown habits; where you have ſeen the D. of *Joyeuſe* in his Glory, and whither, as they ſay, he intends to return, when he finds himſelf fully glutted with the pleaſures of this World. Notwithſtanding all which, the devout Prince, being not yet quit of his fears; ſeveral Fraternities of Penitents were erected, and other pious Orders which are to be ſeen up and down in *France*. But the exquiſite artifices of the Voluptuous heighten'd theſe fears, when Monſieur Confeſſor lent his helping hand with more potent Amulets. He ſent from *Rome* for Chaplets, and bleſs'd beads, which the King preſented to the *Fraternity* of the Cabinet, being adviz'd to practiſe their pleaſures athwart the ſaid Chaplets;

lets; which was afterwards also practis'd in the public Stews of *Paris* to preserve them from the foul Disease. Monsieur *Pinars* affirm'd to me, that a Jesuit confess'd that he approv'd of the remedy, and because some of the sacred band had been too severely wounded in their Chamber-Wars, that the Mass was added, which an *Almoner* read upon a board which was lay'd upon the Bed of the Cabinet. A holy Mass no doubt, whose Ornaments were accommodated to the Sin: as the application of a Cross made of holy wood to the shoulders; Fomentations of the Chine, and Clysters of Holy-water, beads, which they call blessed, other wise profane trifles and fooleries. We have heard how about 20 years since the Convent of *Franciscans* was burnt at *Paris*, by fire from Heaven: but we never heard how that the King having found it out, that those *Franciscans* were dealers in Sacred Amours, and that the Reliques of St. *Francis* and Father *Mace* serv'd them in the same stead as we make use of Laurel against Thunder; thereupon the King made the Guardian his Confessor, upon condition that he should purloin those Reliques, which had not been long in the King's Cabinet, but the Convent was fir'd, *juxta illud.*

lud 12. *tit.* 7. *Fulgura de ſurſum depellit.* The ſame Guardian alſo taught him that that ſin was no ſin in the Habit of a *Franciſcan*, and committed with a good intention to be conformable to St. *Francis*, and Father *Macè*, his *Mignon*. For which reaſon they into whoſe hands the King's Prayer-Books fell, have ſhewed their familiar friends, the names of all thoſe that are mentioned in this Chapter, and at the end of the ſaid Prayer-books, the names of thoſe he could not bring to his bow; among the reſt *Chaſtillon* and *Chambret*, the firſt with his ſleeves thruſt back, to ſhew his plump white Arm, and his Motto, *non pro amor, ma pro vendetta*; *Not for Love, but for Revenge.* This is a kind of a ſecret, but not ſuch a one as felt that fatal clap of Thunder, which in a clear day, at one of the Clock in the afternoon, in the view of five hundred Gentlemen, and as many *Swiſſes*, and with no more then one ſingle clap, brake into the low Chamber of the Count of *Soiſſons*, where Monſieur *Le Grand*, and he were at their belov'd Recreation; and two others upon another bed; and parted company, killing two and leaving the third at the Window half dead; in this more memorable, that the lightning enter'd the Criminal members, and iſſu'd forth behind. And here obſerve

obſerve the advantage of adorning the hair like a perſon in Orders; for the two which eſcaped had both the Popes Chaplets upon their heads; but they that were kill'd had none. I ſuppoſe that the fifth, who lay like one half dead for two months together, had loſt not above half his. Thus you ſee the Experience which authorizes Relicques, and take notice that you ſhall never ſee any of the Brethren of the Sacred Society without *Agnus*'s, Croſſes, or Chaplets about their Arms. To the purpoſe of Relicques, that wicked Count of *Rochefoucaut*, dining one day with the Queen's Maids of honour, who peck'd at him by expreſs order, and ask'd him for ſome of the fine Relicques which he had plunder'd at *Tovvrs* in the firſt Wars, he reply'd, That he had made them all away, looking upon them as gewgaws and trifles. But they being importunate, at length he promis'd them, that upon condition they would all come and kiſs him, he would give them one of S. *Katherine*'s Waſt-coats, that ſhould make their breaſts as hard as when they were Maids. For my part if I do not make ſuch a ſtir about Relicques, or do not worſhip them as others do, you muſt excuſe me; for going one Evening to *Boſnie*, two Leagues from *Orleans*, which is the ſeat of

the

the Maſters of St. *Lazarus*; I was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd, to hear in the morning as I roſe, ſo many little Bells about the Houſe, as alſo to ſee the Banner, and the Croſs, and a great number of the Canons of St. *Agnan* in *Orleans*, and not only ſo, but to ſee as many Banners and Croſſes, as could poſſibly enter into a little Gallery leading to the Houſe of Eaſment. The buſineſs was, a young Girl belonging to the Chevalier *Salviati*, grand Prior of the Order, had found certain Cheſts, which in the time, of the Wars had been thrown into the Privy. As ſhe was picking them open, to ſee what ſhe could ſteal, in one of them ſhe found a little box, upon the which was written *R. d. Coti.* The Commander being advertiz'd thereof, made haſt to the place, together with his Secretary *Valderio*, who took the *R.* with the Print, for the Father of St. *Katherine.* Thereupon ſtrict charge, was given not to touch the box upon great penalties, and the Maſter and the Man, went both to the Biſhop of *Orleans.* The Doctors, and among the reſt *Picard*, being call'd to conſultation, the reſult was, That this box was to be open'd by the Sacred hands of the Biſhop only, aſſiſted with the Neighbouring proceſſions. Thus they came one morning, and after a Maſs of the Holy

Ghoſt

Ghoſt devoutly ſaid, the Biſhop waſhes his hands in holy-water, makes three ſteps to the Coffer upon his knees, opens it and there finds *a Box of good Marmalade of* Orleans; and thus as Propheſies are never underſtood till they are fulfil'd, they found that *R.* ſignifi'd the Remainder, and *d. C.* of the *Cotignac.*

CHAP. VIII.

Of Vows.

MR. *Peter Foncet*, a Gentleman Preacher, he that when Monſieur *d'Eſpernon* tax'd him for making people laugh, made anſwer, that he caus'd many more to weep. This honeſt man, one day preaching among the *Mathurins*, made a long diſcourſe upon the miſeries of the *Chartreux*, that they fed upon nothing but fiſh, of others that fed upon nothing that ever had life, of the *Capuchins* that wear nothing upon their feet, of the *Fueillans* that are ſo poorly clad, *& vivunt in diem*; of the *Friers Ignorant* of *Italy*, who dare not preſume to know any thing; of St. *Anthonies Porkers*,

kers near *Roanne*, and the *Penitents* that whip themſelves. This Preacher caus'd abundance of people to weep; and from all thoſe Devotions, and auſtere Vows drew this argument, That if the Romiſh Religion were falſe, men would never keep Vows ſo difficult and uncomfortable. I invited the ſaid *Foncet* and *Renardier* of *Bretaigne* to dinner. where we brought all his reaſons to the teſt; and that fool *Renardier* put the other into a great heat, telling him that thoſe auſteritics of Vows and manner of living, were rather marks of a falſe Religion, then of a true. Witneſs, ſaid he, that the Sacrifices of men were forbid to the *Iſraelites*, and obſerv'd among the Gentiles; and thoſe mad Codſheads in *Turky*, the *Caloyer*, who all the year long wear no other covering for their nakedneſs, then Nets. Only they carry in their right hands a great Razor, with which they make a new ſtream of blood, when the firſt begins to cloſe up: and as to their faſts and abſtinencies, that from Wine, which is enjoyn'd to all perſons, is the moſt difficult to be obſerv'd. When they faſt they neither eat nor drink. As to their Pilgrimages, where do we find ſo impetuous a devotion as that of the Pilgrims to *Mecca*, of whom there are many, who after the hardſhips of a tedi-

ous

cus journey, and the ſight of *Mahomet*'s Sepulcher, put out their Eyes, as unwilling to ſee any thing prophane, after the ſight of a thing ſo holy? Afterwards he alleg'd the ſtrange zeal of the *Calignois*, and how we might find in the Grand Temple of *Mexico*, the walls beſmear'd with the blood of Infants offer'd to the Devil by their Fathers and Mothers, and this blood above two fingers thick, through the whole inſide building; which I have heard confirm'd by the *Franciſcans* of *Mexico*, and others. *Renardier* concluded from thence, that all ſuch inventions were very fanatical, or rather diabolical, which inforce men to ſuch hardſhips. Thereupon this good man Coxcomb fell upon Antiquity, and I cannot tell where he pick'd up his learning. Do you not know, quo he, that the *French* and *Engliſh Druids* ſacrific'd upon certain days, and accompted thoſe Sacrifices moſt acceptable, when they put men to the moſt cruel deaths? The *Carthaginians* took the Children of the moſt Noble Families, put them on Royal Apparel, and ſacrific'd them; neither were their Parents permitted to reſcue one, ſo that being vanquiſh'd by *Agathocles*, out of an opinion which they had, that their Gods were angry at the diſcontinuance of ſuch Sacrifices, they

knock'd

knock'd o'the head above 200 young Gentlemen for the ſervice of their Altars. The *Rhodians* and *Cretans* were wont to make their Victims drunk before they offer'd them up. In *Chio* and *Salamine* they tore men limb-meale to ſacrifice them to *Diomedes*. The *Arcadians* whipt their Damſels to death. The *Spartans* did the ſame to their Children upon the Altars of *Diana* and *Mercury*. Others made a great Pen of hurdles, and fill'd it up with men, of which *Theopompus* was one. The *Thracians* ſlew their Victims with Lances at the Altar of *Tamelus*. Some of the *Germans* and *Burgundians* carous'd blood at their Sacrifices. The *Perſians*, *Greeks*, and ſome of the *Engliſh*, buri'd their Sacrifices alive. I will not ſtand to repeat ſeveral other abominations practis'd upon Boys and Girls; and other follies committed by the *Corinthians* and *Bretons*. I ſay therefore that theſe auſtere and cruel Vows have been in all Ages a great part of the worſhip giv'n to the Devil. From thence *Renardier* betook himſelf to his *Theology*, quoting in the 16 chap. of St. *Matthew*, the words, *My yoke is light*, with ſeveral others, and told us withal, my Maſters, quo he, the beſt Vow that we can make is to St. *Mathurin, for I aſſure ye that

* The Madmens Saint.

the

the wiſeſt among us is but a fool. All the World did not know *Renardier*; he was one that would ſpeak the truth to the deceas'd King, who deſiring to have his charges defray'd by his Marſhals of the Camp, told him one day that he did more then God; for he ſaid, *by the labour of thy hands thou ſhalt live commodiouſly.* But you, ſaid he, let your Marſhals of the Camp live more then commodiouſly, by that labour and calling, of which they underſtood nothing. At laſt *Poncet* was in a pelting chafe and reply'd, that he diſcours'd like a *Huguenot*. The other went on ſmiling, and began to ſpend his rallery upon the *Pythagoriſms* of the *Chartreux*, and other honeſt fellows, among the reſt, he did not forget Mr.—— Neither did he omit to tell us that Mr. *de Bouchage*, being weary of the King's ſcourge, and impriſon'd between four ſcreens, made his Confeſſion to one of his companions of the buttock-trade, who having heard of the violences of the Cabinet, perſuaded him to forſake the World, and urg'd it to him withal, that if he would undergo a *Capuchin's* life for ſome time, he doubted not but to ſee him Pope. This is that which the Cunning-man *Raoul* has confirm'd to him, and you ſhall ſee, ſaid *Renardier*, that from hence in time he will return thither, mark a

fool's

fool's Propheſie. *Poncet* and I laugh'd at him: which made the good man very angry: well, ſaid he, you are a couple of as naughty Companions as Marſhal *Biron* who ſcoff'd at poor Frier *Ange*, when he went to act the Paſſion before the King at *Chartres*, cauſing himſelf to be whip'd and carrying a Croſs, that would have weigh'd down *Goliah*. There, was Monſieur *de Montpenſier* enquiring who was Maſter of the Ceremonies of this Mortality. Sure 'twas not he that flung away the ſpiggot of his *Gaſcoigne* Wine becauſe that Monſieur *Babelot* told him it was fit to be the blood of a Martyr. 'Twas he that to get a good gobbet, went to hear Veſpers among the *Auſtin* Friers. The Marſhal thereupon drawing himſelf aſide; this widgeon, ſaid he, I warrant ye fares well below the waſt, though paradventure he may miſs of Paradiſe. To whom the Duke return'd, by St. *Slaſh-back*, quo he, this fellow plays well, but that his Muſick is a little too ſharp. It was a Cantle of Earth, which he had rub'd off from an Oven as he drawl'd his Croſs along, for which the Baker was not forgetful with a good palt to make him ſing *Lacrimæ*. Such as you were thoſe devout Biſhops of *Lyonnois*, who called a Synod to reform the Cuſtom of St. *Anthony* in that place.

place. They are oblig'd to make eight meals to ſhew the frailty of Mankind. There were ſome Jeſuits, Frier minors, and certain young Biſhops, who made ſmooth and long Harangs, to ſhew that ſuch Conſtitutions might be alter'd *habita ratione temporum.* And that what our Anceſtors had formerly done with a good intention, was at this day ridiculous. But to all theſe reaſons the *ſub Prior* of St. *Anthony*, who was a great ſnoarer, made anſwer only with one grave and remarkable Sentence; Let us not intrude Innovations upon our Age. They began again a very fair ſpeech againſt the ſcoffers of this Age, but the *ſub Prior* with four Chins retorted, le, le, le, le, let us——*Hickup*——take care, &c. But you'l ſay that under the umbrage of Devotion many great follies are committed. By St. *Anthony* I know it well enough, But it is none of the Churches fault. Who has exclaim'd more then I againſt the King and his Minions; who had like to have told i'my Pulpit the following Story?

The King falling in love at *Lyon* with the Wife of the Sieur——The bargain being made with the woman by the Count of *Maulevrier*, the next thing was, how to cajole the Husband out of the way; ſo jealous, that he refus'd an honourable Employment,

ment, and a profitable Commiſſion, as to the Salt of *Peccaiſe* to boot. Thereupon he applies himſelf to a *Franciſcan*, Confeſſor to the jealous Husband, declaring to him that the Chief men of *Lyon* had their Eye upon this poor man, as looking upon him to be a Heretic, becauſe he was not of the Fraternity of the Penitents. To the point anſwer'd the *Cordelier*; Sir, I am no ſuch fool to ſuſpect you of Devotion. Speak to me in the Language of St. *Francis*, and you ſhall find that the *Franciſcans* are good Companions. By all that's vertuous then, reply'd the Count, we have a private kindneſs for his Wife, and there are thirty Crowns for thee. To which the *Franciſcan*, get yè gone, quo he, like Lords as ye are, and leave the buſineſs to me. Six days after that, you might have ſeen the poor Gentleman in the Veſtry preparing to carry the Croſs as the youngeſt Novice. In the mean time the King, the Count, and *Clermont d'Entragues* go to play their Game; and in a ſhort while after they ſaw through the Window of the Chamber, the Proceſſion and the Croſs-bearer, who in the midſt of his devotions could not chooſe but have ſtrange Whimſeys and Imaginations in his head, which ſo intoxicated his *Pericranium*, that he fell in a Swoon before his own door.

There-

Thereupon the Proceſſion ſtop'd, to change the Croſs-bearer. There was now a neceſſity to open the door, and to hide the three Adventurers in the beſt manner they could, in a ſmall Compting-houſe, where they had bin in great danger, but that the *Franciſcan* and one of his Brethren overrul'd the devout Cuckold, that it was a religious duty incumbent upon him to carry back his habit to the Veſtry. Who has exclaim'd more then I, againſt the deceas'd King, who carry'd the names of his Minions in his prayer books, illuminated with the light of St. *Francis*? Did I not know the Dutcheſs of *Guize* and *Nevers*, who carry'd *Roquemont* and the Baron of *Fumel*, painted in the Crucifix both in their Prayer-books and Cabinets; and they their Miſtreſſes alſo in the ſame manner like the Virgin *Mary*? But you other Heretics, you do ill to blame the Church for this. I broke the deſign of *Poncet* by ſaying, that the invention of Habits and Prayer-books is no way guilty of ill Cuſtoms. But to reimburſe ye both, for your unlucky tales, I will tell ye one ſpick and ſpan new. What was the reaſon, think ye, that the Count *de la Chapelle* forſook the World? Whuh! ſaid *Renardier*, that was, becauſe the Cardinal of *Florence* fool'd him, and promis'd him

he ſhould be Pope. With that I ſhook my head; Why not ſaid *Poncet* as well as Pope——— who was taken up at the door a poor boy, becauſe the Cardinals ſhemonky fell in love with him? Some ſay ſhe lov'd him for the number of Lice he had about him. However it were, being once well cleans'd and furbiſh'd up, he pleas'd his Maſter, was afterwards advanc'd, and call'd Cardinal *della Simia*, and laſt chos'n *Holy-Father*. At what time the College check'd him, that he had made a Beggar, and an ignorant Fellow, Cardinal, he reply'd, 'tis but the ſame that ye found in me, and if he live to be old, 'tis that will make him Pope. The reaſon was this; His Mother being weary of him, partly becauſe he was troubled with the falling ſickneſs, and for that ſhe found him a fool, but chiefly becauſe his Maiden Brother began to grow ripe, ſhe therefore ſent him into *Italy*, and gave him Father *Jeronimo* for his Confeſſour. He knew ſo well how to pick the worms out of the noſe of this Calf, that he made him a Confeſſion of ſuch ſins as I am aſham'd to tell ye, for the expiation whereof, he made him believe there was no other way, but for him to forſake the World, and devote himſelf to the Church. I know, ſaid *Renardier*, more then you dare

dare ſay. I once heard at the Window of the Stable of St. *Lenis* of one who importuning his Companion to tell him whether the Count *de la Chapell* were a coming? this anſwer was made, I know no more then I can divine, who had his Maidenhead; whether his Father or his Mother, his Uncle or his Siſter But to the purpoſe; this Vow being as ſevere as the Penance for his offences, as that which *Aretine* deſcribes in the perſon of Maſter——— His Mother believing ſhe ſhould dye for grief of having born him, devoted him to be a Cardinal in humility. This is he upon whom *Paſquin* jokes; What has the Cardinal done, has he left his Eleemoſynarie at the Hoſpital? At length Monſieur *Poncet* grew weary of the diſcourſe and told us if you, and other ſort of *Huguenots*, had not come athwart us, we had tought the deceas'd King the value of Veſtments, ſhavings and ſecret Vows. For we had put him in the great *Chartreuſe*, being fortifi'd with good Bulwarks inſtead of Reaſons. We had Habited him like the Ingles in his prayer-books. We had chang'd his Crown for a ſhav'd Circle, and to bid ye God-buy and end our diſcourſes, we had anſwer'd his motto, * *Manet Ultima Cælo*, with a Diſtic

* *The laſt Crown in Heav'n.*

that

that was affix'd to the Dyal of the Palace.

Qui dedit ante duas, unam abſtulit, altera nutat;
Tertia Tonſoris nunc facienda manu.

Once two Crowns were thee deſign'd,
But the Donor chang'd his mind.
One he retook, and this doth ſhake,
The next the Barber is to make.

Farewel Gentlemen, I am ſorry to ſee ye make ſuch ill uſe of pious works. Thus *Poncet* took his leave, but *Renardier* ſaid to make an end of his ſtory. This is the reaſon ſaid he, that the Biſhop of *Xantes* is one of the beſt Companions in the world. There is alſo an Abbeſs in the Suburbs, whoſe Convent is more like a Court, then a Religious Houſe. Where with *Maubuſſon*'s good leave, at the Seige of *Pontoiſe*, there lay no leſs then eight godly Virgins ſick of the *Crinkums*, and five newly brought to Bed. Let it not offend *Longchamp* nor *Mont Martre*, that this place was call'd the Magazine of the Engines of the Army. Nor let it offend the Trinity of *Poictiers*, *Vilmur* of *Albigeois*, *Lys*, the true Seminaries of Children in Red Coats; the Abby of the Holy Ghoſt,

Ghoſt, the Nunnnery whither *Sureſne* brought *Fervaques* ſome few days ago, and told the Abbeſs, who is her Daughter, that ſhe ought to ſhew the honour of her houſe to the new Duke and Peer, his deſign being only to debauch a young Religious Nun, which was the real cauſe of their journey. In half an hours time *Sureſne* return'd and whiſper'd her fellow-traveller in the Ear, Go fall on, *Morbieu*, the Slut has put me to ſome trouble, but the buſineſs is done. Haſt makes waſt of the body, quoth *Fervaques*; for I have play'd two Acts with the Abbeſs. How? She's my Daughter: Then I am your Son in law, ſaid the other. The Abbeſs of *Xantes* is inferiour to none of them all, for Gallantry, Courtſhip, and Maſcarading. And in a word, there is nothing acted there, but what is acted at Court. Only ſometimes the Biſhop and the Abbeſs ſteal abroad to ſome remote and convenient places; and then the Nuns fall to their Oriſons, in regard that *Monſieur* and *Madam* are gone to perform works of Charity. Every one was much concern'd what pious works thoſe ſhould be: But the Prior of *Pont l'abbè* having diſcover'd them one day, wrote to Monſieur *de Potonville* the following Lines.

The Biſhop and Abbeſs of Xantes
For their works of piety, Saints,
Are often in private together:
But a Nun more witty then either,
Made a hole in the Wall,
And there ſhe ſpy'd all.
She was paid for her peeping,
For now ſhe knew more
Of Piety-works then ever before.

He concluded with the anſwer of *Ver-ville* touching ſo many piles of building for the entertainment of Franciſcans, Je-ſuits, Capuchins, and the like; to pre-vent the folly of men, that let fools pu out their eyes.

You Huguenots *that ſo ſeverely frown,*
And all our Monaſteries would pull dow
Should Knaves and Fools change place
(tell us, yo
Whether you would not think 'em then t
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CHAP. IX.

Of the ſeveral ways of Angling for Men.

WHatever St. *Peter* did, his Succeſſours have ſtrangely alter'd the courſe of his Veſſel. For all the while that the times of darkneſs continu'd, the Church of *Rome* has fiſh'd in the fire. They have not ſpar'd for Wood, by which means, they have conſum'd the bodies of them, who were too apprehenſive of the fire of Souls. The Converters of theſe times made it their buſineſs to convert the Soul by terrifying the Body, or elſe by converting the Body into Cinders. When day and light appear'd, and that fire began to be out of requeſt, then they fell to fiſh in troubl'd waters; and this they do in all times of troubles, and then ſeveral perſons exil'd from their houſes fell into the fiſhermens Nets. When the water ceaſes to be troubled, they fiſh in the calm, and then they never ſpare for *unguis odoratus*, which the Druggiſts of *Italy* furniſh them withal.

With this bait were taken the more weighty ſort of fiſh, ſuch as were the Marſhals of *Montmorancy* and *de Coſſe*. After that, they lay their baits for the larger ſort of fiſh, ſo was *Antony* King of *Navarre* caught by *Rovet*, and *Lovis* of *Bourbon* by *Limeul*; but this latter being a ſtrong fiſh, and feeling himſelf in the Net, brake the meſhes, and ſo eſcap'd. Some there are, that are deſtroy'd by following the Dolphins; ſuch are the *Dog-fiſh*, *Barbels*, *Macquerel* and all the leſſer frie that follow the Court, who following their Maſter, enter with him into the belly of that profound and vaſt Whale, the Church of *Rome*. The little frie is caught with more labour, while they are put to force them out of their lurking holes by beating with their long Poles. By this means, there is ne're a ſmall Pariſh in *France*, where the *Huguenots*, beaten out by good and holy intelligence, more then others, are not forc'd into St. *Peter's* Nets. The Winters of affliction cauſe ſeveral to remove to the Springs of Honour and Greatneſs, as the Courts of *Rome*, the Emperour, *France* and *Spain*. By this means, we have caught in theſe later Seaſons ſeveral haughty minds, impatient of meanneſs and poverty, and among the reſt *La Morlas*, who not being able to reconcile

cile the lowneſs of his Birth, and the greatneſs of his Courage, remov'd to thoſe Springs, when the *Huguenots* were in a low condition. And alſo to draw advantage from others, he made uſe of a new artifice. In that ſomewhat reſembling the nature of the Dolphin, but only in the event. He carry'd his Believers to the diſpute with Monſieur Confeſſour. He admoniſh'd them firſt to take a care of him, as being a dangerous impoſtor, and exhorted them to ſtand firm; but afterwards ſuffer'd himſelf to be caught in their company. I ſaw him one day bring to the line of the Net the little Baron *de Courtemer*, to whom he gave his hand ſidelong in the middle of the diſpute, and cry'd, Courage, my little Baron; *however we ought to conſider what Monſieur* Perron *ſayes*. Thereupon with an artificial and ſanctifi'd prevarication he ſuffer'd himſelf to be vanquiſh'd after a diſſembl'd reſiſtance. I my ſelf have ſeveral times bin diſintangl'd out of the ſame Net. Monſieur *de Chaſtillon* was inform'd by his Father's old Servants, That the deſign to bring him to Court was, as well upon his Body, as his Conſcience. Monſieur Confeſſour, one of the beſt Fiſhermen that has belong'd to the Church, has more luckily then others obſerv'd in theſe

Seaſons, the way of fiſhing with the Line: For he has got a trick to put the worm ſo far on upon the hook, that the fiſh is caught before it has ſwallow'd the bait. Witneſs poor *Deſponde*, whoſe bait was laid for another, and who having ſacrific'd his Soul for the Church, has bin ſo wickedly gull'd, that before he dy'd, he ſaw his Children go a begging, his Wife in the Stews, and himſelf in the Hoſpital. Witneſs poor *Cahier* who gap'd after the Abbey promis'd him, but ſaw nothing but the Walls and the Steeple. The Holy men of former times fiſh'd with Preaching, and baited their hooks with Salvation. But now a days we ſuffer that ſort of coin to grow ruſty; for the fiſh is too much awake, and will not be caught by licking the mud. *Dandelot* coſt little, for he was taken with the hand, and that was a riddle to the good Companions. I will ſay this moreover in a word, for the prudence of Monſieur Confeſſour, that he fiſhes beſt in ſtill waters. Not ſuch waters as *Deſponde* caus'd to ſwell at M. *de Guerres*: but becauſe he has an eye upon thoſe whoſe Families are going to rack; like a Pond that drains it ſelf through its own Sluces and ſo becomes dry; as it happen'd in the caſe of the Baron of *Salignac*, when his Wife converted

converted him. Some are caught by the foreſight of ſuch accidents, like my ſelf, that I might fiſh on in ſtill waters. Monſieur Confeſſour has taken the pains to come and fiſh and preach at St. *Merry*, in the face of the people: there where they take Frogs ſleeping, there he preaches like a Deacon to a Subdeacon; His Brother and ſome others of his Apoſtles have a ſeat laden with good Livres juſt before the Pulpit. They open the bags upon the quotation of paſſages; they tie them up again as faſt as they can to awaken attention. But this great Perſonage is ſo full of talk, that the greateſt part of the auditory ſleep three hours together, and get terrible Colds; and ſo the faculty of Theology becomes very profitable to the faculty of Phyſic.

CHAP. X.

Of Tranſubſtantiation.

WE cannot ſay much upon the point of Tranſubſtantiation; for it is more difficult to prove then pronounce, though the word be ſomewhat of the longeſt. But as Monſieur Confeſſour ſays,

confeſſing that it was an abſurd point, yet it ought to be debated for the honour of the Church. Though not to dive too far into the will of God, he forbid me to read the moſt part of the Ancients, eſpecially St. *Auſtin l. de agone Chriſtiano, c.* 25. *De Præſentia Dei ad* Dardanum. *c.* 17 *in Pſal.*33. *&* 34. *In Evangel. Johannis. tract.* 27. *ad Bonifac. Epiſt.* 23. *In Sermon. Infant. l.* 3. *de doctrina Chriſti. c.* 9. *&* 16. He alſo forbad me to read the reſt not corrected by the *Index expurgatorius*, and taught me to inſiſt upon nothing in this diſpute but Omnipotency. Now therefore hear the arguments which I have pick'd out of my own invention. Wherefore cannot we change and alter the ſubſtances of all things in the name of God, ſeeing we do the ſame thing in the King's name, whereby we ſee ſuch ſtrange Tranſubſtantiations and Metamorphoſes perform'd every day? The ſweat of a miſerable Labourer into the fat of proſperous Partiſan and Treaſurer? The marrow of the fingers of a Vine-dreſſer of *Gaſconie* rejoices the heart of every one, and fills the belly of a Paraſite. The tears of the Widow ruin'd in *Bretagne* caus'd *Santory*'s Wife to grow fat. The blood of a Souldier ſlain, to chace *Eſpernon* out of *Provence* turns to Hypocriſs. The *Hoſt* of the Roſe

Roſe at *Bloiſe* we find now tranſubſtantiated in *M. Buſſy Guibert.* The Impoſts of *France* have tranſubſtantiated the Ploughfields into Paſture, the Vinyards into waſt land, and the Husbandmen into Beggars; The Souldiers into Thieves, with little or no Miracle; The Plough-joggers into Gentlemen, the Lacqueys into Maſters, the Maſters into Lacqueys, the Horſemen into Halberdeers. The Curtiſans of Princes are tranſubſtantiated into Women, and Women into Curtiſans. Panders becom Marquiſes. *Varenne* has undergone ſuch Tranſubſtantiations would make your hair ſtand an end. Pardon *Morlas*, if he ſeemingly believe Tranſubſtantiation; He who in his Cradle was chang'd from a Baſtard of *Sallette* into the Son of a Botcher, and from that time bred up by the almes of the Churches of *Pau*; afterwards a Scholer at the Queen's charge; from a Scholer he became a Miniſter and Spie upon the *Huguenots* of *Paris*, from a Spie a *Gendarme*, from a *Gendarme* a Diſciple of *Perron*, thence a Pandar, ſo a Traytor, and laſt of all Proveditor General. Who can reck'n the notable Changes of *Lanſac Laverdin*, the *Marquis de Bell'iſle*, *Monluc* and *Balgagny*? The deceas'd Biſhop of *Valence*, who believ'd nothing of TranſubſtantiatiE 5 on,

on, what would he have ſaid to have ſeen his Son *de Champis* a Captain, from a Captain a Soveraign Prince, from a Prince a Poltron, from a Poltron an Exile, from an Exile a Marſhal, from a Marſhal a Cuckold, juſt ſuch another as Marſhal *Vulcan*? But that which convinces me more of the truth of Tranſubſtantiation is the Proverb, *Know thy ſelf*. When I conſider how many times I have bin my ſelf tranſubſtantiated, from a Sholer to a Councellour, thence to an Ambaſſadonr, thence to a Bankrupt, thence to a Coney-catcher, thence to an Exciſe-man, thence to a Collonel, Captain, and Conſtable of Petty *Chalons*. It had bin alſo a fair argument to prove the wonderful Tranſubſtantiation, had Prince *Maurice* bin as quick to contribute the 400. M. Crowns, as they of *Bearn* and *Geneva* were the 10. M Crowns for the hire of my third Converſion: But let that paſs, only let me tell ye, had I bin Earl of *Burgundy* I had paid my *Swiſſes* in ſalt. We have ſeen the lower Hall of the *Loure* chang'd into a Comic-Stage, from a Comic-Stage into a Tragic; from a Palace Royal, into a place of Execution, when Preſident *Briſſon* and his Companions were there hang'd. To which I will only add the example of the Duke of *Mercœur* who,

who from a petty Prince, became the King's Brother in Law; from thence Governour of *Bretaigne*, from a Governour a Tyrant, from a Tyrant a Duke, and in his own fancy the Terrour of *France*, and the hope of *Spain*. And indeed he is ſo tranſubſtantiated, that the new Proverb of *Spaniards* calls him, The ſcorn of *France*, the ſhame of *Lorrain*, the diſdain of *Bretaigne*. He is neither Duke, nor Tyrant, nor Governour, and he that had bin Victorious in Battel, has ſuffer'd that fair Fortune to go to Ruin, without the ſhot of one ſingle Piſtol; only one Scape which he let the other day in cold blood, in the preſence of the King.

THE

THE CATHOLIC CONFESSION OF THE Sieur *de* SANCY.

SECOND BOOK.

CHAP. I.

A Dialogue between Madam Mathurine, *and young* Peronne.

I Have lately receiv'd here, ſuch an odd piece of Divinity, that methinks I cannot but for ſhame ſtick it in among the reſt, becauſe it looks ſo all of a piece. 'Tis a very modeſt diſcourſe, that truly conſidering the times, may very well paſs muſter. By the contents, you will find what a ſtrange ſort of Cattel our careful and provident Mother, the Church, employs to bring

bring men back into the broad Road. *Dame Mathurine*, that *Mad Girl*, was coming from Madam *de Moulukes*, where ſhe had been tutoring *Vignoles*, and met with *Perronne* going thither to perform the ſame Office. He bluſh'd to ſee *Mathurine*, and ſtroking his bald Pate, thus accoſted her. Well met, Madam; I hear you boaſt about the Town. how you have converted St. *Mary du Mont*.

Math. Who told you this merry news, my good friend?

Per. By my troth, 'tis very probable—— you are, indeed, a dainty She-Divine.

Math. 'Tis very true, where men are to be converted by Smock-learning. And now I think on't, don't you remember, that he engag'd to meet me this night? With that, I went to carry the joyful news to your Brother, and as good luck would have it; for 'twas ſomewhat early i'the morning, who ſhould I meet but Madam *de la Cour* juſt tripping out of his Chamber?

Per. Hold, my dear brisk Madam, hold a little; you do ill to beſpatter ſo renown'd a Prelat and Father of the Church.

Math. Why Sir,—— ſuch delights and innocent ſports as thoſe don't hinder the work of Converſion. Beſides, *La Cheſnay*

is

is a witneſs; for he going to viſit him, as I did, a little more early then ordinary, ſaw fairly in the Chamber the accoutrements of a certain female among the ſanctifi'd Garments of thy Brother in Orders.

Per. Pray leave off theſe gigling ſtories; I ſhall be angry elſe at your impertinence. I don't ſay, but that Mſr. *de St. Mary* gave you a promiſe; but the day before I had made a handſome progreſs i'my undertaking: For the day before that, I had caus'd three whole Porters loads of Books to be ſent in to the Lady Marqueſſes Lodgings.

Math. Think you that I am ignorant what game you were at inſtead of diſputing? But I would have you to know too, that 'twas I that firſt tickl'd his humour; 'twas I that play'd the ſame Ledger-dumain with him below the waſt-band, as I did with you when we were firſt ſweet together: I taught him to be a good marksman, and to ſwim without water. Thou didſt not ſo much as ſpeak with him till two months after that, at leaſt, and then you were forc'd to wait wi'your gravity, when I was ſtill ſent for, and circumſpectly uſher'd in.

Per. Truly your Introductions were very Ceremonious——but can any man imagin,

gin, that with the air and levity of a Curtizan, thou ſhould'ſt be admitted to talk of ſuch a difficult matter as Converſion?

Ma. And can you imagin, by that ſilly invention of yours, of interpreting the familiar Epiſtles of *Cic.* to become familiar with him? I have heard *La Broſſe* the Pedagogue ſay, that when he was Regent of the third Claſſis in *Burgundy*, he would have laſh'd his boys, if they had not tranſlated better.

Per. Do you think I have taught him nothing elſe? He was at firſt a meer Novice, and a block-head—— I have taught him to cite the Fathers, without ever reading them; to quote the Councils which he never ſaw. I have not only taught him to chop Logic like a *Sorbonne* Mountebank; but to talk of State affairs; to admire the great Kingdom of *Spain*, and to propoſe projects of Government according to the humour of the Church of *Rome*. Inſtead of naming the Pope, I have taught him to ſay his *Holineſs*. Inſtead of calling the King, the *King*, I have taught him to ſay ——*His Majeſty*. Before he cry'd —— plain *Little Roche*, *Zamet*, *Varenne*, as if they had been meer Dwarfs, Lackies, or Turn-ſpits. But I have taught him to ſay Monſieur *Varenne*, and to ſnarl out the *r.* with a grace. He began to laugh, when I told

told him that to ſpeak otherwiſe was a piece of High-Treaſon. But I ſhew'd him how that unmannerlineſs only befitted moroſe Antiquity, and that to honour by-halves the Darlings of a King was below the Politeneſs of this Politic Age. I have taught him alſo with his right fore-finger and his left Thumb to thunder out Maxims of State, to diſcloſe and complain of diſtempers of Government, to nod his head and cry *mark the End on't*; to accept of a fair proffer, to mind his fortunes; and to ſeaſon his diſcourſes with the true terms of Art; as for example, *To have a jealouſie, to ambitionate, intregue, to take his meaſures*, and the like,——the true Phraſes whereby a man may be judg'd capable of buſineſs.

Math. A Coxcomb you mean—I confeſs I have not taught him ſo many ſcrapps of State—Gibberiſh.——But I have taught him all his Clock-work Motions to a hair—to walk as upright as a Gentleman-Uſher—to bow often——and not to laugh without a ſerious cauſe——I gave him the Poſtures of Monſieur *Le Grand*——I taught him to turn his heels inward——to walk in State like a Gooſe——to ſhrink up his ſhoulders———to give an admiration—ſtart——to ſcrew his head gently a one-

ſide

ſide upon diſlike——all the quarter and half quarter Motions of the Al-a-mode ſcrape—to laugh a one ſide of his mouth—, and grin like a Dog when we give him Garlick—to ſpeak i'the Throat—to comb his Periwig——at leaſt while his friend ſpeaks—to cry by my faith——hay——inſtead of plain by my faith, I have taught him, and that quickly too, all the knick-knacks of Admiration——as Jeſu! drawl'd out—*But that you ſay it, I ſhould never——well——He!—Ave-Maria!*—When he meets any of the painted Ladys of the Court, to make a ſtop, and cry—how beautiful you appear to day, Madam! fair as the new blown Roſe—and then to diſcourſe of the colours of her Ribands according to Art, and not to take notice how ill they become the Rotten Harlot. I have taught him to diſſemble like the Court Marqueſſes, who are ſcarce worth groats a piece——I have taught him to pull his hat down upon his Periwig, though he wear his band without ſtarch, as when high Collars were in faſhion. I gave him ſix of theſe bands the other day, that reach down half way his back, and as many pair of Cuffs, that turn up to his Elbows.

Per. Truly you very much oblig'd him——For when he went the other day, to dine

dine with the Marqueſs of *Beuvron*, after they had waſh'd, the Marqueſs *d'Arly*, ſneering at the ſtrangeneſs of the Viſion, took one of his Cuffs to wipe his hands inſtead of a Towel. But I have taught him more ſerious Leſſons; as to gueſs betimes at ſuch as are creeping into favour; to cry, Monſieur, twenty times in forty words; to pretend modeſty and reſpect, and to withdraw into a Corner; to Complement the Servants of thoſe that the Sun ſhines upon; and not only the Servants of Princes, but alſo of the Counſellors of the long Robe, as ——*D'Aubeville*, and *Caumartin*, men learned in the modern laws; who know how to manage a Court Cauſe, and to take a Dinner at the Chancellor's by way of return.

Math. Do you ſay, there is nothing in the motion of the hand, nor to order the folds of the band, according to the mode? Are all the Mops and Mows of *Fecan* nothing? which caus'd the Marſhal *d'Ancre* to call him the fair *Egyptian*, and the only Minion among the Beautiful——In ſhort, I have enter'd him; for which he ſeems to be ſo much endebted to me, that he curls and turns up his hair like a very *Narciſſus*.

Per. Go—go—by St. *Denis*, you are a meer baud——In a word let them dare to

ſay

ſay at *Rome*, that you have converted St. *Mary*. What will the *Huguenots* ſay ?—— They'l ſay, that to bring Whore-maſters to the great Whore of *Babylon*, bauds are the only decoys.

Math. How long, dear Brother, have you been a deſpiſer of the Trade ? How did you get your Living, before your Brother came to be a Biſhop ? Have you forgot your frolicks at the Univerſity with the Book-ſellers, and Chandlers Wives ? I could name ye twenty, that have hir'd ye for fifteen pence a time. But now ſince your Brother has ſet ye a Horſe-back, and hung that furr'd Cloak upon your ſhoulders, now all your attempts are upon Counſellors and Preſidents Ladies—— as if thou wer't aiming to be Pandar General to all the Courts of Parliament, and ſo by degrees to the Court it ſelf. Why ſhould your ambition ſeek the Ruin of Madam *Tillet*, and my ſelf by taking away our Trade ? She brings forth only to get Credit ; and I, that am a poor Maid, had need to make uſe of all my parts. A my word— if Madam *du Tillet* once give ye a blow o'the ſhins, there will a ſcar remain. I hear that the Queen has already ſaid to the Marchioneſs of *Guercheville*, *I underſtand this* Perronne *begins to delight in Ruffianry.*

Per.

Per. By St. *Francis*, thou art a foul mouth'd Baggage, I care not a fig either for *du Tillet*, or *Tignaville* either—— How dar'ſt thou ſpeak to me at this rate, thou that art a common Proſtitute to the Foot-boys, Pages and *Switzers*? Thou that has't ſent *Le Pont de coulay* and *Engoulevent* to the Surgeons already; and in ſhort has hanfell'd *Vignoles* alſo, under the pretence of converſion. Thou that haſt got a Horſe to thy green Velvet Gown, as a reward for the maiden-head of thy little—— offer'd up to Monſieur *Le Grand?* I name no body. Thy very skin is parch'd, thy head ſcorch'd with the flames of thy Luſt: Thou art a meer Carcaſs above ground—— Hence to the Devil—— Thou turn'ſt my ſtomach to ſee thee.

Matth. How! ye ſtale Fornicatour! *Sodomite* both Active and Paſſive, Does your Chuch preferment make ye grow ſawcy? Don't I know that thy Brother ſold thee to the Luſt of the Abbot *Tyrone*? Shall I publiſh to the World what I know of thee, and of thy Amorous God-father, and then reck'n up as many Sodomies, Beſtialities, Witch-crafts, and Poyſonings, as are mention'd in two books call'd *L'Abolition de la Fin*, and in the Legend of St. *Nicaſe*?

Per. Morbieu, Don't let me lay my hands on

on thee —— If I do—— I ſhall tye that tongue of yours.

Math. Do and ye dare——Tom Totty ——there's *Flamberge* will pay ye off ——don't venture upon me neither, you know I have been ſhot through the thigh already, and am a piece of a Souldier.

Per. I know thou haſt bin a Souldier, as having march'd with the Regiment of *Picardy*. But why ſhould we play the fool and upbray'd one another, that are both of a feather? Be ſatisfi'd, that I am the perſon that has converted *M.* St. *Mary*. I did it by the Arguments of Viſibility and perſonal Succeſſion.

Math. Thou art a lyar——For he anſwer'd thee, that If a Viſible Head were needful in the Church, there would be requir'd alſo a Viſible Holy Spirit. And to thy argument of the perſonal Succeſſion he reply'd, Where ſhould be then all the Baſtards, ſeeing that the Prieſts were none of them marry'd? But I ſurpriz'd him——having lain two or three nights at St. *Martin*, to underſtand the arguments of *Dr. de Cabier*. I taught him, that *Cain* ſung Maſs, and offer'd up the Sacrifice of the Altar, in the perſon of *Abel* his brother.

Peron. Murrain take him—— there's a fooliſh

foolish argument indeed —— does *Cahier* pay his Hostess with no better coin? Have not you bin playing the little man?

Math. Not I by my Virginity. He must sweat once more ——

Per. I mean, have not you bin helping him to blow the soft fire under the Eggshel, with you know what in it, together with the Crimson Silk, and the Magicians choicest Dyet, the little Mandrake, *&c.*

Math. Indeed he shew'd me in his Closet, that which they call the work of the Creation, but stay till thy hair be grown, and then we'l speak more of that.

Per. Thou wilt do me an injury at one time or other in my Visits to the Princess's Palace. But as to thy argument; were it true, *Judas*, the Jews and the Murderers of Christ had bin the predecessours of our Priests. But I stop'd him and put him to a non-plus with an infallible argument. For quo I, do you believe the Pope to be Anti-Christ? —— Yes —— said he— Then said I, This Anti-Christ is to sit in the Temple of God, which is his Church: Therefore the place where the Pope sits is the Church; and the Church, that cannot err.

Math. I remember you did argue thus learnedly

learnedly with him, and that he was mute; but at night he told me that it had very much perplex'd him, that there was no other way to prove the Church of Chriſt, but by the Kingdom of Anti-Chriſt. To which I anſwer'd him with another argument, invented by *Bonniere*, or elſe by *Guedron*, and *Gouroy*, who have converted him.

Per. Oh! I confeſs that might well be ——— for he choſe rather to cry *peccavi*, then take upon him the ſuperintendency of *Chartreux*.

Math. Pray give me leave to ſpeak—— The *Huguenots* ſay that the chief of the Church of *Rome* are Thieves, and ſuch as prey upon the poor people. Now the Text ſays, *My Houſe is a Houſe of Prayer, but you have made it a Den of Thieves.* Our Church is a Den of Thieves, and therefore that Houſe of Prayer of which the Text ſpeaks.

Per. By St. *Dominic*, I muſt needs tell thee thou art a quaint Slut——— The reaſon is profound and good; and of the ſame nature with that which is concluded upon theſe words, *The Scribes and Phariſees ſate in* Moſes's *Chair.* Now our Works and Doctrine ſhew us to be both Scribes and Phariſees, and therefore we ſit in *Moſes*'s Chair.

Chair. But to pay thee with thy own coin, I will tell the another argument which I keep a purpoſe for *Vignoles*. To prove that St. *Peter* was at *Rome*, we cite his Epiſtle, where he ſends his Recommendations from thoſe that were with him at *Babylon*. Now we cannot deny to the *Huguenots*, but that *Rome* was thus call'd, eſpecially in the Revelations. Seeing then that *Babylon* is *Rome*, St. *Peter* of neceſſity wrote from *Rome*.

Math. This Reaſon may ſerve with the help of *Monlake*—— Well—— convert as many as you can—— I'le do my endeavour—— I hope to debauch ſome of your brother Apoſtles, as I have already done by the Trumpeters of his praiſes, *La Broſs* and *Beau Lieu*—— I will give them ſuch variety of diſhes, that they ſhall talk of my Converſions, as they have begun at the *Lady Conſtables*, at a Dinner, where they declar'd, That I had more enclin'd St. *Mary* to be converted, then your brother, the Maſter-worker of Converſions. Alas! men are tir'd with expectance. Thy brother was promoted by the Encomiums of *Abbot Tyron*; but no body is promoted by the Recommendations of your brother. So that they have very fairly told me, they will cry him up no more. Wherefore has not he

ſatisfi'd them, ſince they were hir'd to cry him up?

Per. As for *Duret*, the Devil's in his tongue; He was ſo impudent one day at the Arſenal, as to ſay in my hearing, that he would never Dine where the Abbot and my Brother were, if the drinking Glaſſes were not mark'd, becauſe the one was rotten with the *Neapolitan* diſeaſe, and the other with the Leproſie. 'Tis a brave World, when ſuch ſmell-feaſts as He ſhall compare themſelves with my brother. In my opinion they deſerve the ſame ſharp rebuke, that the Count of *Tonnerre* gave to *Beaulieu*, who talking of a Maſquarade, cry'd ever and anon; *the Counts of Soiſſons*, *Auvergne*, *and I.* Whereupon the Count of *Tonnerre* put him in mind of the Fable of the T——S. *We Apples alſo ſwim.* My Brother is none of their friend, nor will he ever aſſiſt them to unravel this yarn. They ſhall not ſwim together, becauſe the Count has commanded the Captain of his Guards to cut off his hands, and caſt him into the River. Thereupon he went to the King, and upon his knees beſought him to give him a Grant to commit a murder, which was to be done the ſame day the Grant was made. Was it not a curſed peice of Impudence to report, and

write

write in Rime doggerel, That the King and Monſieur *Roſny*, to ſave Charges, were about to diſmiſs the Comedians: Tho 'tis true indeed that the King, out of his particular inherent, wiſdom, has bethought himſelf of a neat ſham for the poor Players. For he has threaten'd to ſuppreſs them, unleſs they will admit him in without paying; which liberty he has alſo attain'd for Madam *Marchioneſs*. So that now they ſay they have a Play every Month which coſts them nothing. But notwithſtanding all this, this Varlet *Duret* (perhaps he aims to be Treaſurer himſelf) ſtill adviſes the King to put the Players down, telling him, That he has a compleat Company in his own Houſe. That he had for a Captain *Upance Vitray*, well pepper'd with the diſtemper; The Count of *Soiſſons*, who playes the Doctor, when he reads his military leſſons like a School-maſter, at the door of his Cloſet. He ſays the King has provided among the reſt, that the *Italians* ſhall act *Gallows take thy due*—— being already like to ſtarve; but there are Camp-maſters and Captains in the lower Court, who are as able to act that part as they.

Math. In good faith, thy Brother would do well to ſhew 'em the way at a diſtance—He had little to do, to diſcontent *Sallette*, &

another of his Apoſtles, for that Strumpet *Condel.* But he cannot endure a companion, and therefore he cannot endure himſelf. And ſo you, becauſe you have got a little Latin by ſurpriſe, cannot endure that I ſhould ſhare with yee, in the Converſion of St. *Mary Mont.*

Per. If there be any difference between us two, the younger ought to ſubmit to the elder by right of Nature.

Math. Take heed of eſtabliſhing that maxim, and adviſe your Brother likewiſe; for the *Huguenots* would make a wicked advantage of it. Don't you know very well That all the Catholic Ceremonies of *Calicut*, where the Church viſibly adores the Devil, are like the Ceremonies of the *Roman* Church, both in reſpect of their Monks and Nuns, their auricular Confeſſions and Faſts. Nay their chief Prieſt is likewiſe call'd *Papa*, having alſo a Papal Crown which has not one nail leſs then that of *Rome.* The Jeſuits excuſe it, by ſaying that the Devil is God's Ape upon Earth. But the *Huguenots* on the contrary maintain, That the Pope is the Devil's Ape, for that very reaſon which you have alleg'd, becauſe the Devil is eldeſt.

Per. Speak ſoftly, the Devil's a fool. See yonder the Baron of *Salignac.*

Math.

Math. 'Tis all one, he's one of my choice Fathers.

Per. Proſelytes thou meaneſt, diſſembling Hypocrite as thou art. So, —— he is gone by; ſometimes he curſes himſelf for having bin converted, and at other times he never minds it: I would not for twenty good Piſtols, that he had overheard us; or any other. who was not well reſolv'd in his mind. Thou haſt call'd me Pimp, and I have call'd thee Whore, which is the more honourable of the two? Who would think that ſuch Doctors are fit perſons to recall revolters from Hereſie, or to ſave Souls that are in jeopardie of Perdition.

Math. For thy part, Pimp-major, as thou art ſuch a one, it is a thing without example. In reference to my ſelf, it is not ſo, who as I am a good honeſt inſinuating Whore, may promiſe my ſelf better ſucceſs, for ſuch a one was *Rahab.* There's a preſident for yee. *Rahab* the Harlot, thou knowſt receiv'd and ſav'd the Spies of *Iſrael.* Thus have I done; I have ſav'd *M.* St. *Mary*, who though he were no Spie of *Iſrael*, yet acted as one of the King's Spies among the *Huguenot Iſraelites.*

Per. Give me thy hand —— I am thy humble Servant; and if ever I hear any body ſcandalize thee, and ſay, that

thou haſt giv'n St. *Mary* the foul diſeaſe, I will tell 'em, no, —— thou haſt it ſtill i'thy own cuſtody for them, if they pleaſe.

Math. Go too, ſay thou haſt found a Miſtreſs of me—— Good morrow—— I'le go and repeat all our diſcourſe to *Guedron.*

CHAP. II.

Of the re-union of Religion.

IT being a task of great difficulty to deſtroy the opinion of the *Huguenots* by Diſputes, we have deſign'd what is more probable, a re-union of Religions, by the diſcoveries and intelligencies of the gain'd Miniſters: but of ſix that there were, there are five dead, and one baniſh'd. Without doubt there would be no great danger for them to quit ſeveral Theological Tenets, provided the authority of the Church and the Pope remain entire. The reaſon is plain, for that they having ſubmitted to the authority of them, they might eaſily afterwards loſe their arguments by virtue thereof. And when our Jeſuits made oppoſition to ſeveral Articles, which the other

were

were willing to grant, they did not ſmell the deſign, in regard that ſome of them aim'd rather at a civil War then peace of Conſcience. Now you ſhall ſee what we, of the other Club of honeſt good fellows would have had the *Romiſh* Church let go. Firſt, That the obedience ſhould reſt in the *French*, provided they diſmiſs'd ſome of their Drolleries which caus'd the people to laugh, as the beginning the Maſs with an *&c.* and other abſurdities, which are diſtinctly and ſutly diſcuſs'd by *Bernard Ochinus* in his Treatiſe *della Natività della Meſſa.* As to the Ceremonies, take away the moſt ridiculous, and for the reſt, make anſwer to what *Bernard Ochinus* ſays, That it is the Lord's Supper diſguis'd, and clog'd with Ceremonies to make it appear more holy. Next, that the Prieſts ſhould be permitted to marry, and to leave their Wives when they grow irkſom. In all caſes to make uſe of the holy Decree, and its liberties, as you find it in the Canon, *is qui non habet uxorem, loco illius*, &c. It is notably ſaid in the Rubric of the Decree, *Quod qui non habet uxorem, loco illius debet concubinam habere. Ita nefas Epiſcopum creari niſi ſaltem uniusConcubinæ dominum.* Diſtinct. 34. qu. 9. per de var. ſtud Vol. l. 4. ſect. 5. *Villavinceni* ibid c. 4. Were theſe privi-

leges rightly obſerv'd and eſtabliſh'd, he were the ſon of a Whore that would not be of the Church of *Rome*. Then we would aboliſh all Faſts, unleſs it were to the poor, and the ſick; diſmiſs the Terrour of imaginary Purgatory, yet without any injury to the mediation of Saints, for fear of ruining the Church. I do not without reaſon adviſe the abolition of Purgatory. There is nothing has made ſo many Souls very curious of their Salvation at their latter end, as the ſtory which follows. A Prieſt when he comforts a ſick perſon, tells him, That the pangs of death are the entrance into the Gehenna's of Purgatory; A Miniſter teaches him, that they are as the pains of Childbearing, that lead into eternal life, and builds his argument upon this Text, *This day ſhalt thou be with me.* I will boldly ſay, That the *Index expurgatorius* ought to take notice of this paſſage. Now the reliſh of theſe two differences of dying, has caus'd ſeveral good Catholics to renounce Purgatory upon their death beds, where the hopes and fears of this world give way to thoſe of the other. We would have allow'd them for their Markets, Wedneſday and Saturday, Lent and Vigils, but that Policy has otherwiſe order'd it, and thus we had made a perfect peace with St. *Paul* in the 4.

of

of the 1. to *Timothy*. This is alſo a forgetfulneſs of the *Index*. Alſo we ought to withdraw theſe marks of the Faith, of abuſers, of Preachers of lyes, Hypocriſie, and the Doctrine of Divels. *Calvin* could not have ſaid more. That no perſon read St. *Paul*, till the agreement be made, and firmly ſign'd, and the penſions of the conſenting Miniſters well aſſign'd. At the ſame time the other Church ſhall reaſſume their Pomp, their Muſic, their Dancings, great Feaſtings, and the vaſt Revenues of their Church. Theſe Miniſters I would they might keep their Coaches, Hounds and Haukes. We would have eſtabliſhed a free Liberty, eſpecially to expel that troubleſome Diſcipline that has loſt us ſo many good people. We would not have accompted for ſins, ſimple Fornication, nor Adultery for love, according to *Cahier* in his learned book, upon the re-eſtabliſhment of *Bourdeaux*, and his admirable diſpute upon the 7. Commandment. I ſay the ſeventh, becauſe we have releas'd the ſecond, which the Council of *Trent* would needs take away. For this 7. Commandment, which is, *non mœchaberis*, forbids the ſin only to the Children of *Onan*, in regard that according to our modern Theology μοιχεύειν is deriv'd ἀπὸ τῆ μοίχα and

χέω, *quod eſt humidum fundere.* It had bin a brave Religion, which had rejected what was irkſom to either, and had eſtabliſh'd what was plauſible and agreeing to both. Every one had bin receiv'd and ſatisfi'd, no one excluded. I know the *Ariſtarchians* will oppoſe my good intentions; but againſt them I ſay, Firſt, that the Church ought to have its arms open to all ſorts of people. Now the expulſion of vices or inconveniencies is no reception. The *Huguenots* cry, That the Church is only of the elect; but this is too ſevere. Secondly, I would fain ask theſe ſowerlings, whether they would be wiſer then the Apoſtles, who deſir'd to enter Judaiſm with honour? You ſee in the Epiſtle to the *Galatians*, how M. St. *Peter*, conform'd and comply'd like a complaiſant Gentleman to the humours and infirmities of the *Jews*. St. *Paul* reprehends him; but Frier *Gilles* ſaid, he might better have held his tongue, then ſpoken ſo many things that ſmelt of the Faggot. But let us alſo examin what our Holy Fathers ſaid, when they went about to give *Paganiſm* a decent Funeral. They taught us to paint our Lady after the ancient Model of *Veſta*, holding little *Jupiter* in her Lap: the Trinity, like *Medius Fidius*. They have brought in the *Cornival* inſtead

inſtead of the *Saturnalia*; Twelf-day inſtead of the *Lupercalia*. The firſt of *May* belonging formerly to *Claris*, they gave away to St. *Thais*, canoniz'd for that purpoſe. The *Pervigiliæ* are ſolemnis'd at *Beaucaire* upon St. *Magdalen*'s day in commemoration of her firſt Life. The Curtiſans have a Maſs particular to themſelves, which after they have ſaid, they betake themſelves to their Callings. *Candlemaſs*, what is it but the *Februaria* of the Ancients, when they lighted their Candles. Their Feaſt of St. *John* anſwers to the *Palilia* in honour of *Pales*, goddeſs of Sheep——— What the ancients call'd *Supplications*, are no more then our *Proceſſions*, eſpecially at *Poictiers*, where they go in Proceſſion to requeſt water from the *Naiades*; and at *Paris La deſcendente de la Châſſe de S. Geneviefve* is the ſame thing. In imitation alſo of antient *Gentiliſm*, inſtead of their *Luſtral* we have our *Holy water*, and ſet Bread and Wine upon the Graves of the deceas'd: of all which things honeſt *Benedict* one day ſaid, *Iſta Paganiſmum ſentiunt.* In the ſame manner the Inſtitutors of our Ceremonies, have not bin aſham'd of the moſt ancient leudneſſes of Antiquity, as having ador'd the Garden God *Priapus* in ſeveral parts of *France*. Witneſs St. *Foutin de Varailles*

Varailles in *Provence*, to whom are consecrated the secret parts of both Sexes, form'd in wax. The Chappel is well furnish'd; so that when the wind blows a little brisk, it causes no—— small disturbance in the devout thoughts of those that come to honour that Saint. When the *Huguenots* took *Embrun*, they found among the relicques of the chief Church a *Priapus* a *l'antique*, which had bin unseemingly colour'd with red Wine, with which it had bin often wash'd: of which Wine the Women afterwards made a holy *Vinegre*, for uses altogether as strange and absurd. When those of *Orange* ruin'd the Church dedicated to St. *Eutropius*, they found another of the same kind, much bigger and more naturally set out; which was publicly burnt by the Heretics. There is another St. *Foutin* in the City of *Auxerre*; a third in *Verdre* upon the Confines of *Bourbonnis*; another in the Diocess of *Viviers*, in low *Languedoc*, call'd St. *Foutin de Cives*; another at *Pontigni*, to which the Women resort, when they are with Child, or desirous of Children. Thus you see how our Doctours have made *Paganism* and Christianity accord. It became them either in the name of God, or of some body else, only to unsow, and not tear in peices like those hot-

hot-headed Miniſters, who deſire the purity of Chriſtian worſhip. I find *Riviere*, the King's chief Phyſician of a better humour then theſe people. He is a good *Galeniſt*, and a very good *Paracelſian*. He ſays that *Galen*'s method is honourable, not contemptible in the cure of diſeaſes, but exceeding profitable to the Shops. The other, provided you follow the true precepts of *Paracelſus*, is an excellent Method for truth, ſuttlety of knowlege, and thrift. Therefore he deals by his Soul, as by his Body: being a *Roman* Catholic for his Profit, and a *Huguenot* for his Salvation. Monſieur *Gervaiſe*, Philoſopher of *Magne*, goes higher: For he maintains that all our Wars proceed from want of Grammar. For had we follow'd *Grandem Matrem*, we had ſpoken well; ſpeaking well, we ſhould be underſtood, and conſequently agree; for we never fall out about diſcourſe, but becauſe we do not underſtand one another. His firſt rule is, That we ſhould make a great abatement of *Financiers*, who are the participles of interjections, to ſilence the exclamations of the Pulpit: as alſo of ſeveral *Nouns* and ſeveral *Adverbs*; as *Corporally*, *Tranſubſtantially*, *Carnally* and the like. This brave Blade boaſted that he knew more of the ſtate of

Religion,

Religion, then *Biſouze*, or his Foot-man, or M. *de Royau*, Ambaſſadour at *Canada*. But yet to fortifie my deſign more ſtrongly by example, *Roquelaure* ſaid, That he who refus'd to put all differences to the determination of three throws of the Dice, as *Bridoye*, ought to ſhut up a dozen of Doctors, and as many Miniſters in a Room with Victuals for one day; but not to let them have any more, till they had let down by a Rope out at the Window their final determination legally and firmly ſign'd. The Curate of *Eſchillets* ſaid, That that would be foul play, in regard the Miniſters are accuſtom'd to live upon little or nothing. As for his part, becauſe he would not concern himſelf in troubles, he ſet all things to right in his Pariſh; ſo that when they brought him a Child to baptize, he ask'd of what Religion the Father and Mother was of? If they cry'd, we are of the Religion of our Fathers, then he whisk'd to the Altar half dreſt, and began, *Adjutorium noſtrum in nomine Dei*. If they ſaid, That they had the knowlege of God by his Grace, then placing himſelf at the back of a Chair, and laying his hands upon it. *Our Saviour teaches us what our firſt beginning is*; Poverty, *&c.* If it be a Marriage, after the ſame queſtion demanded, he

he either falls to his old *Adjutorium*, &c. or elſe—— *God the Father, after he had formed man.* This was a man of a yielding temper, not ſuch a paſſionate Son of Thunder as Frier *John Bonhomme*, who let a loud F—— for very madneſs in his Pulpit, crying out upon the Converſion of the King, Courage,—— my Pariſhoners, the Heretics are confounded, they dare no more call us Papiſhes, nor eat fleſh in Lent before all the World. They ſhall make holy-day upon holy-days; They hang their heads like Bulruſhes, while you exalt your horns, and flouriſh like the Cedars of *Lebanon.* And thus you have my own ſentiments touching the Union of the two Religions.

CHAP. III.

Of the Cauſes that mov'd me to my ſecond Reformation, which was my third Converſion.

Daniel, as he ſays in his own book, pray'd with his Windows open, with

with his face turn'd toward the East. Oh! how I saw Monsieur Confessour, triumph one day upon this Text. In truth, he's a wonderful man, when he finds a Text proper for his purpose. Therefore, said he, as *Daniel* when he pray'd, turn'd his face toward the rising Sun, so it always behoves a man of Virtue to address his Devotions to the rising Sun, to growing greatness; and to turn his tail upon them that are sinking into disgrace. I made little accompt of the King after the feast of the *Barricado*'s, but having made a quick judgement of his prosperity, I vear'd my Devotions toward the beams of that fair rising Sun, who having dissipated all Clouds, got into his hands all the forces of the deceas'd King, and brought the League to lye at his feet. I return'd from *Auvergne* and the confines of *Italy*, where I understood that the common Themes of the publick Disputes at *Rome* were the Comparisons between the King of *Spain* and *France*. Those Figure-casters found by their art in *Geomancy*, by Prophesies, by the fatal name of *Bourbon*, that this Prince was born to change the Hierarchy into an Empire, the Chair into a Throne, and the Keys into Swords, and that he was to dye Emperour of the Christians. The *Venetians* ador'd the rising Sun with

with ſo much devotion, that when a *French* Gentleman paſs'd only through their City, they ran after him with the ſame ardency, as the Frantic Dotrels ran after *Rablais*'s Pope, crying out, *have ye ſeen him.* Upon the Gentleman's affirming he had, the beſt of their Painters preſently drew his picture by imagination, and ſo ſoon as the firſt picture was finiſh'd, the Gentleman was publicly treated. And after their Grandſignior-ſhips had ſtood ſtaring upon it, with their Chaps four fingers aſunder for a quarter of an hour together, the Painter was paid to his heart's content, and the Picture hung up as ſafe as St. *Marks.* The Court of the Emperour, and *Poland* rang with nothing elſe but public thanks for putting the Empire into ſuch happy and victorious hands, and nothing but re-union of Religions, or a toleration of all, was in every mans mouth. Much talk there was of bringing *Italy* to this, that the King of the *Romans* ſhould be really ſo, and not merely titular. And for the reduction of the Pope to his Biſhopric, the Duke of *Saxony* caus'd ſeveral Sermons to be Preach'd before him, upon the ſimilitude between *David* and this King; honour'd and rewarded thoſe that were more in favour with this, then the former King;

and

and ſent a chain of Gold as far as *Zurick* to the Author of *Carolus Magnus Redivivus*. This high luſter of Reputation ſeconded with ſo many warlike exploits, what did they not promiſe from this Prince? had he made uſe of the diviſions already created betweeen the *Muſcovites*, *Poles*, and *Swedes*, the *Tranſilvanians*, and the Emperour; and well knowing the infirmities of the King of *Scotland*, the ſeveral deſigns in *England* upon the old age of the Queen, the revolt of *Ireland*, the decrepit years of the King of *Spain*, the ambition and ſuttlety of his Daughter, the ſmall reputation of his Son, the deſigns of the Princes of *Italy* to recover their liberty, upon the declining years and affairs of their Tyrant. The Court of the grand Duke open to the King; *Cæſar* of *Ferrara* attempting the ſucceſſion in *France*, which he ſaw beginning to fail. The Duke of *Savoy* diſputing about the accompliſhing the Articles of his Marriage. *La Breſſe* loſt; the reſt almoſt ruin'd by *Les Diguieres*, and ill ſuccour'd by their own. Above all things, the preparations of the Turks, mainly diſtracted both the minds and forces of Chriſtendom. Theſe Occurrences deſign'd the King for the ſupreme Head of Chriſtendom, in regard that all people believing

leiving in their hearts, that this King was acceptable to God for the purity and ſincerity of his Religion, prepar'd themſelves either to ſuffer or follow him. At the ſame time I alſo began to think of throwing off the Popes yoak, and ſo bring all Benefices without Curates into the treaſury at War, by changing the Order of Prieſthood, into the Order of Knight-hood. This was to be done, by putting into the Princes hands four times *le Peron*, without the expence or hazard of Convoys. I came to Court big with overtures, full of advantages, to be a partaker of ſuch great expectations, Maſter of ſuch a Treaſury, and a good Servant to my Conſcience by the ſame means, which was the chief conſideration. Judg now, Gentlemen, if this change of judgment were not maintainable. In truth I was not ſufficiently verſt in the Cabals of the World, the infirmities of Princes, and leſs in the grand intereſts of Councellers of State to uphold the *Diana* of *Epheſus*.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

An Apology for my long ſtay among the Heretics.

MAnifold are the conſiderations by which I was allur'd to a Religion once already taſted and follow'd, whence I was thrown out by the miſeries that attended it: which miſeries ſeem'd to be permitted to afflict a poor Church, which inſtead of Militant, took the courſe to become Triumphant. Some light of Salvation alſo entic'd me; and whoever has at any other time experienc'd ſuch combats of the mind, will excuſe me for having conſider'd and paus'd a while before I reſolv'd. But having withal ſeen at a diſtance, what a leap I was to take, I took a reſolution to aſſiſt the Catholic Party, aſſiſting my Maſter to jump the firſt friſk, that the Servant might be the leſs aſham'd to follow him. The queſtion was, how to weaken the *Hugnenot* Party; and to bring that to paſs

paſs, nothing more conduc'd then to undermine their two main Pillars; the firſt of which, was that diſtinction of condition, by which, under the Law of Truces they were ſeparated from our Politic Regiment. The ſecond was that difference of Religions, which it was requiſite to render leſs, that it might be afterwards utterly annull'd. We had a touch at the firſt of theſe, when the *Huguenots* liv'd in full proſperity, when very unhappily they concluded, That having a King and a Protector in one and the ſame perſon, theſe two qualities were inſeparable without the loſs of the thing. Upon this point we diſpatch'd away that M. Buſie-body *du Fay*, deſervedly a deceiver, and as deſervedly deceiv'd; as appears by his Will and Teſtament, wherein he confeſſes, That he had betray'd the people of God, to raiſe his own Fortune. But we are forbid to ſpeak of that Will. He having a ſmooth tongue in his mouth, & impudence enough upon his Forehead, in a months time he ſent the Maſs where he pleas'd himſelf, put down all the Chambers of Juſtice, caus'd them to quit their Treaſuries, taught their men of War to diſpute concerning States, to acknowledge none but the King, who having obtain'd that point, ſoon after lay'd the Protectorſhip

tectorſhip aſide: for finding the name of Protector too weighty for his ſhoulders, he buried it near the King's, at the door of St. *Denis*'s Church. For the bringing about theſe fine preparations, to all thoſe who demanded of *Fay*, his particular Commiſſion, *Du Fay* for anſwer, ſhew'd the Key of Madam *Martine's* Love-letters, which he ſaid, was the key of the Seals of Nature. Some malicious *Huguenots* endeavour'd to oppoſe this conſpiracy; the other *Huguenots*, either out of ſimplicity, or being brought over, call the War the *Horn-war*, and accuſe their Brethren to the King. So that now the whole power reſts in one man's hands. Their Judicature and treaſure fall into the hands of Madam *Formality*, by which means we withdrew from them in a little time, the ſtrong holds of *Clermont*, *Joynville*, *Chaſteaudun*; and in *Lorain*, *Stenay*, *Ville Franche*, *Dan* and *Beaumont*, *Chavigni*, *Aubena*, and ſeveral other places. Thus I may ſafely boaſt to have given the moſt conſiderable ſtroaks toward the undermining the Rampart of this diſtinction. For the ſecond, God reſt the Soul of the deceas'd *Morlas*; For if he and his Companions had acted their part as well for the buſineſs of Religion, as for *du Fay*'s Eſtate, there had been no *Huguenots* in *France*, but

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ſuch as were good for nothing but to be burnt: for the *Hugnenots* of State, or of the Sword, which you pleaſe, had made up their pack. Yet we endeavour'd, to aſtoniſh the more Godly, to have gain'd the proudeſt and moſt ſtately Six of their Miniſters; who had ſworn, that being choſen for the diſpute, after they had boaſted very high, they would make uſe of a Holy prevarication. That it might not be ſo, my Maſter *Rotan*, whiſper'd me in the Ear, as he was going to the diſpute at *Mantes*, that he would do like *Otho*, when he kill'd himſelf, that is, he would quit all his particular Intereſts to ſave Chriſtianity from utter Ruin; but he was taken with a fretting in the Guts which prevented him. His Second was not ſo honeſt as he; He had prevail'd with the *Hugnenots* to chooſe him in all affairs, and he was generally preſident. He had propos'd the Queſtion among the Synods, whether if the Church of *Rome* were not the Church of Chriſt ἁπλῶς, or at leaſt καλὰ τί, we might not be aſſur'd of Salvation therein? And this was the loop-hole out of which, the King and many others crept. He caus'd the word *Papiſts* to be left out of their Prayers, when they mix'd them with Infidels, and taught the young Miniſters to

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ſpeak mildly. Judge now throughly, good brother Catholic, in the midſt of theſe holy Exerciſes, whether I have been an unprofitable ſervant to our Religion. Had I been as Impatient as *Cahier*, or a ſolliciter of Aſſignations, like *Serres*, I had never procured in the name of the *Huguenots*, the Election of the Chamber. I had not had the Credit to ſend away *Choupes*, before the Parliaments rejected him. For that old man had been invincible, had he not thought me very zealous. I know not who it was that went about to beſpatter the Dialogue of *Roſny* and *Revel*; I am ſure I was ready to dye for fear, when I read my name there. For had I been diſcover'd by that Divine, as well as by *Morlas*, I had loſt my credit for ever. It was my Invention, during the Aſſemblies of the *Huguenots* to diſpatch ten men into their ten ſeveral Provinces to ſow the Darnel, which has ſo advantagiouſly proſper'd there ever ſince. They had all their diſpatches under my hand, and were the rather encourag'd to go upon that deſign, believing me to be of the ſame Religion with them; eſpecially *Sowrce*, an ancient perſon; *de la Cour*, that has made ſo many excellent Sermons, and *Marmet* of *Nerac*. He, tho we had mortify'd him by a te-

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dious Famine; proteſted he would neither have accepted my mony, nor taken my Inſtructions, but out of his aſſurance of my piety at that time. I taught the ſpruceſt of the *Huguenots* this Leſſon. *Tarda ſunt quæ in publicum poſtulantur. privatam gratiam cito mereare, cito accipies.* Do thy own buſineſs, and let the public alone. I do not ſpeak of thoſe Aphoriſms of State which I taught little *Biſouſe*, his little Lacquay, *Lomeny*, *Mainville*, and M. *de Royan*. So well it appears, that I did the worſt I could; like them who are afraid in the Siege of a Town; before they leap over the Wall, they ſcare their Companions, what in them lyes; and when they are over, being carry'd before the Commander of the Siege, they ſpeak the worſt they can to ſave themſelves from diſgrace. Moreover there are no Catholics ſo zealous, or that do more miſchief to the *Huguenots*, then your new Converts. For proof whereof, I will make an Apology for the Jeſuits, who are accus'd for ſetting all the World together by the Ears; for thereby they ſhew themſelves true followers of *J.C.* coming as he did, to raiſe War againſt Father & Son, and to ſet Father & Son at variance; not to be the meſſengers of Peace, but to carry Swords. And theſe are thoſe

little weapons, which they ſlide out of their ſleeves, when they find it convenient to rid the World of a Monarch that will not ſubmit to their Maxims. 'Tis requiſite that Proſelytes ſhould ſign their zeal with the blood of their former Companions. And *Fougaſſe*, Tutor to the Prince of *Conde*, has promis'd me, that he will breed up his Pupil to be the moſt treacherous and bloody Enemy of thoſe, who have followed his Grand-father and Father, upon all occaſions, where he can kill them, without being kill'd himſelf.

CHAP. V.

Of the Miſeries of the Huguenots.

SEeing I have diſplay'd ſo large a field to the Brothers, for the diſcovery of my Converſion, I am reſolv'd to ſatisfie the more curious, to ſhew that I made a ſerious conſcience of what I did. Every one is inquiſitive what induc'd *Sancy* to this revolt? I ask, what conſtrain'd the King to the ſame? If they anſwer, to ſave his Bacon; that's my anſwer too. Ay, but that's

that's ignominious—Poverty is more—Then Poverty there is nothing more difficult to undergo——which makes men contemptible and ridiculous. Haſtening to the Port deſign'd———but changing the voyage and the wind, let us philoſophize a little upon the Queſtion. This is not to follow, but always to purſue the ſame end. My end has been the ſame without Alteration, Profit, Honour, Eaſe, and Security. So then I purſu'd my aim, but only I chang'd the means. Now for profit, what means has a poor *Huguenot* to advance himſelf in time of peace? if he be a Country-man, the Catholics are the Aſſeſſors and Receivers, the *Huguenots* only Collectors. If he be a Gentleman, and expect any thing from the King, we our ſelves have left him nothing to diſpoſe of. If Monſieur *Huguenot* pretends a title to any Benefice, we have made all the Eccleſiaſtics take their Oaths, to ſtrike out their names, and not to keep their words, according to an Article made by the Council of *Conſtance*. Their Titles will ſerve them in as little ſtead as thoſe of *Cheradame*. This was a *Huguenot* of the Antient ſimplicity. I ask'd him one day whether he did quietly enjoy the Benefice of *Bandoville*, which the King had giv'n him? Yes, ſaid he,

for it is one of the Benefices of which it is ſaid, *The bleſſed ſhall inherit the Earth.* Well, ſaid I, but what Title can you ſhew that it belongs to you? A very good one ſaid he, The Earth belongs to the Lord. Have you no better Foundation then that, ſaid I; for thoſe words mention nothing of *Bondaville*. How can I have a better aſſurance, ſaid he, then from Holy Writ; *Thou haſt lay'd his Foundations in the Sea*, now to ſhew you that thoſe words are ſpoken of *Bandoville*, if you have ever been there, read what follows, he hath enrich'd it, and environ'd it with many waters. All the reaſons which the *Huguenots* can bring to our Judges, will ſignifie no more then theſe of *Cheradame*. As for honour, what content can they have among people that dare not give them reſpect; if the Edict will permit them to come to Court? who if they be merry with their Neighbours, ſhall have a ſuperviſor ſet over them, that ſhall ſtick as cloſe to their skins as a ſcab. If it be in time of War, what can a man of my Eſtate expect in thoſe affairs? can they cant after our fantaſtic formalities? Honour is not to be got among us, but by dint of hard blows; which I muſt confeſs I never much car'd for in my life, though they made me a Colonel of *Swizes*.

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As for the point of Eaſe, what eaſe can it be to be claſp'd up in a Cuiraſs, like a *Tortoiſe* in his ſhell. And for ſecurity, they have only God to truſt to upon all occaſions, in whom a man of my humour ſeldom puts more then a moderate confidence. But to handle this matter a little more generally, I ſaw in *France* that their reſolutions were agitated to the wiſh of their Enemies; That they ſought their ſecurity other-where then one among another, or within themſelves. That they fix'd their reſolutions in their Enemie's Country and not at home, as the *Switzers* do; look upon the Peace as concluded, before the Treaty was begun, and bereav'd themſelves of their advantages, and diſtinctions before it was proclaim'd. Which is worſe, we have gain'd three in four of their principles, which caus'd them to treat as already ſow'd up in the Kings party; not in War, for they bore Arms for him; not in Peace, for that their neceſſity urg'd them to treat; not in Truce, becauſe they had quitted their Diſtinctions, their Judicature, their Treaſure, and their ſeparate Forces. So that being neither in War, nor in Peace, nor in Truce, they fancy'd a fourth condition, which never was, toſſing up one leg i'the Air, which could be no ſteady

march. Some there were that cry'd ſhame upon theſe proceedings; others would not ſeek to remedy theſe things, unleſs the Grandees, who were gain'd by the King, would return among them, to buoy up their party, now patch'd up of ſeveral pieces, chooſing rather to be fat, then healthy. They apprehended their own weakneſs, without conſidering the diſtinction of affairs of State. Hence they began to treat with reſpect, to conclude without ſecurity. They did enough to offend, but not to defend. Thus were theſe poor people condemn'd in their ſimple fidelity, to be the ſport of the great ones, perſuaded to have pity upon *France*, when *France* had no pity upon them; to preſerve it, when they had no intereſt in it; to fortifie it, when they had expell'd themſelvs out of it. But when men have their hands ty'd by the fear of God, and a baſhful reſpect of their Prince, they ſhould be advis'd of their firſt motion; for whatever Peace they make, can be no Peace, but a Contract of Servitude.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

An examination of ſome Books of theſe times.

WHen Monſieur Confeſſour came to my Lodging, he ſent in three Porters Load of Books to enhance the Ceremony of my Converſion. Some Cenſurers of theſe times have obſerv'd that we did not laſh one of them, but that after Dinner we ſpent all the day in playing at *Cent*. But I will ſhew thoſe that were ſo careful to ſpie what was done that day, that I have well employ'd others in modern Theology: to authorize my deſign, I have read the Anſwers to the book of *Pleſſis Mornay*. 'Tis very great pity he has not had leiſure to follow his ſtudies as he did ſome 18. years ago. But ſince, he has had ſo many affairs of State under his hands, ſo much authority to ſuſtain, ſuch a large Family to govern, nothing has appear'd lately from him. The Theologiſt of *Xantes* ſeeing all our Dogs upon that Bear, and that none bit him, or durſt ſo much

much as take him by the Ear, gave a leap at him; I would every one would do as much. For though he anſwer'd little to the purpoſe, yet what one cannot do ſingly, many may. There is the ſame method to be us'd againſt this perſon, and matters muſt de boldly aſſerted without coming to the point of cloſe argument; for miſchief might come of it. As for *Richeome*, the Heretics are conſtrain'd to confeſs, that the ſtyle is the genteeleſt of any that has lately become public, at leaſt the Preface: and if they ſay 'tis none of his, yet it is his either by way of gift or purchaſe. If the body of the work be dull and flat, is it not a common Cuſtom for the Youth of theſe times, to wear the fore part of their Dublets of Satin, and the hinder part of Canvaſs? Does he not do well to bring three Battalions before the King to perſuade him to admit the Jeſuits? Though in truth, three Battalions of eight Thouſand men apeice, and fifty great Guns, would be more perſuaſive, and prove better Advocates, then the book of truth defended. Now in purſuit of my deſign, I put on my Spectacles, as when I play at Tables, and viewing at hand theſe three Battalions, in the firſt Rank I ſaw none but a Company of Whipper Snappers with *Morrions*,

rions guilt with leaf Gold. But any thing for a Civil War. At the head of 'em rode a fair Argument to prove Miracles. Nature is able to perform this or that. Such and such things have bin produced contrary to the order of Nature, *Ergo*. The Miracles of *Ardilliers* are not false. The Colours were of good Taffata. He that carry'd the Collonel's colours, having a mind to play the Coxcomb, and flourish his Colours under Leg as they do at *Paris*, strain'd himself so hard, that he befowl'd himself. This is the Confession of deceas'd *Beza*, who bequeaths all to his Wife, and the rest to the *Franciscans*, dyes a good *Roman* Catholic, and this is that which became of him. I am told, an old arch Heretic read this book with a great deal of pleasure. I would make a slight answer; but perhaps he will burst himself with laughing, which would be an argument to prove Miracles, which is the subject of the book. I know abundance of Catholics look upon the supposition of his death as a strange thing. But in a book that treats of wonders, can any discourse be thought Miraculous? For my part I affirm and maintain it to be as true as other Miracles, That *Beza* is dead. First, by the argument by which we prove Transubstan-

tiation, God may cauſe him to dye. *Ergo* he is dead. Then again, This book which is in the rank and number of Traditions ought to be ſooner believ'd then the Bible, as the Curate of St. *Gervaiſe* but lately preach'd. Traditions, ſaid he, are ſooner to be believ'd then the Old & New Teſtament, provided that they are authoriz'd by Traditions, and not Traditions by them. More then this, *Beza* is Civily dead, by Baniſhment, and Spiritually dead, by Excommunication. But grant he be not dead, this news has always ſerv'd, the news has bin ſtill made uſe of like a Vultur's-skin to the ſtomach of ſome weak Catholics, to advance the pious frauds of honeſt Mr. Cardinal, according to this book, and that of the deceaſed good Queen his Play-fellow. Think you that that ſame book of St. *Clement*, which *Capil.* the *Venetian* found in the Iſle of *Crete*, has not mainly conduc'd to the eſtabliſhing private Maſſes. For all the World has not ſuch a quick underſtanding, when they ſee the letter by which St. *Clement* advertiz'd St. *James* of St. *Peter*'s death, to know that St. *James* was dead ſeven years before the other. 'Tis a great benefit for an ingenious man to underſtand who tells truth, whether *Anaclete*, who ſtiles himſelf Succeſſour

ceſſour to *Clement*, or *Ireneus* and *Euſebius*, who ſay that *Clement* ſucceded *Anaclete*, who notwithſtanding that, wrote a very compleat Letter to *Clement* after he was dead. He ſpeaks of the Temple of St. *Peter*, but it was an hundred years before the Chriſtians had any Church. I alleg'd theſe things in imitation of that pious Father, who living three hundred years before *Conſtantine*, nevertheleſs is ſo prudent as to call *Byzantium*, *Conſtantiople*, to the end ye may not laugh at the letter which ——— wrote to the Virgin *Mary*, and that other which *J. C.* wrote to the three honeſt Catholics under the Croſs at *Azè* in *Poiction*, op'nly read by the Curates of the Pariſhes. But not to injure the Chapter of Miracles, and to ſhew you that I was not converted out of Ignorance, I have read almoſt all *Bellarmin*, and I took great care, being reſolv'd upon my Converſion, not to meddle with *Whitaker*, *Lambert*, or *Reynolds*. I have read the Declamations and Fictions of *Campanus*, where I ſaw ſo many Martyrs of the new Catholic Church. 'Tis the beſt way to read that book without examination. I did more, for I ſtop'd my Eares againſt a Heretic, that would have made me believe all thoſe Martyrs to be lyes and fables, alleging that there were

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two Characters of Martyrdom, the one, that it muſt be purely for Religion, and the other, that it be at the Parties own choice, whether he will live or dye. I began to ſwear that the Queen of *Scot*'s was a true Martyr. Oh, ſaid the Heretic, what a miſerable Religion is yours, that hath no Martyr purer then a Homicide, nor any more chaſt, then a Strumpet. I could have found i'my heart to have bang'd him, but he was a man of the Sword. I have read the Amorous Sermons of M. S. *Panigarole*, but cannot find what the Heretics report of his *Catamit*: As to his Miſtreſs indeed ye ſay ſomething, for whoſe ſake he begins one of his Sermons thus, *'Tis for you, fair one, that I dye.* Nor can I find fault with his Complement, for preſently after he added, *ſaid Chriſt to his Church.* He was a bold Preacher, yet not ſo bold neither, but that I have read in ſome of his Sermons preach'd at *Turin*, that although the Saints were Canoniz'd, he did not beleive them all to be in Paradiſe. A wary man, not to be a general voucher for every body. I have read the Thundring Sermons of the Biſhop of *Bizonte*, which hard'nd my heart for the Maſſacre at hand. Whoever read a more ſubſtantial Clauſe then this, *Che la crudelta loro era pietoſa*, That their Cruelty

was Mercy. I have read the writings of *Reboul*, who has told tales out of School, becauſe he had bin whip'd there. That book will ſerve excellently well for a Farce, after thoſe Tragedies, which afflict the ſqueamiſh & raw Conſcience of a Convert newly gall'd with his Converſion. I have read Dr. *Boulanger*, who has written like a Devil, all *ran dan* and without premeditation; they that will not believe me, may beleive their own eyes. He is better skill'd in Logic now, then when he diſputed at *Miot*, and had he now to do with that blind zealot, he would conundrum him in another manner then he did. For he has anſwer'd the Preface of *Dupleſſis*, at leaſt he gives him good words; being reſolv'd like the chief Captains of the holy Party, to obſerve this maxim, *That in great undertakings, 'tis enough to ſhew a good intention.* In the ſame manner I could not forbear laughing, when I read the *Pambonicum* of *Michau* againſt him. 'Tis well known that the *Sorbon* has forbid him to write upon a Letter of M. Confeſſour. But in the reply of *Michau* I blame him for ſaying; That the *Boulangers* are of *Troye* in *Champagne*. He was ignorant that they came from *Lyons*, where they could not ſtay as being too near *Provence*, where they had

had ſeen M. *Auguſte* upon the *Scaffold* or upon the Ladder. I read the beginning of *Doxemel*, but he put me out of humour: At firſt I was pleaſed with young *Sponde*'s manner of arguing: for we have a young *Sponde*, as well as a young *Noſtredamus*. They ſay the Widow wrote it; which cauſes many to admire, becauſe it was verily thought that ſhe had made all public before. I have not ſpoken at all concerning the Treatiſes of the Husband; becauſe the firſt diſgrace the later; which do not ſeem to be made with ſo good a will nor in ſo good an humour as the firſt. Thoſe are full of diſcourſe enliv'nd only by pomp of words, the firſt moving, and perſuaſive *ad fidem faciendam*. But the young man treating of conſecrated Church-yards, draws from the ſum of his diſcourſe this conſequential Argument. The *Jews* were very curious in reference to their Sepulchers. The *Turks* account their Sepulchers Holy, and go in Pilgrimage to *Mecca*; The *Pagans* erected lofty *Pyramids*, canoniz'd their dead, and ordain'd them Supplications. *Ergo*; The Chriſtians ought to do the like, in imitation of the *Jews* *Turks* and *Pagans*. But not to bereave any perſon of the honour which is due to him, we are well aſſur'd that this was the off-

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ſpring of M. *Raymund*'s brain, or rather of his Hoſt, who is alſo reported to have made the preliminary Epiſtle to *Richeome*. Let it be as it will, both together have taught me very fine fancies. Firſt, that it is a duty to carry the Pope upon our Shoulders. Thus the *Pagans* exalted their *Druids* and *Veſtals*. The *Romans* were carry'd by their Slaves in Litters. The *Chineſes* in *Tunquin* carry their Religious Orders a *Cock loft* in the ſame manner, and the Country people in *Xantoigne* upon their wedding days, are hoiſted after the ſame faſhion, as it is alſo the Cuſtom in *Lorrain*. *Ergo*; We are to carry the Pope, Cardinals and Biſhops upon our Shoulders, to ſhew our ſelves *Pagans* like the *Chineſes*, or Slaves, as among the *Romans*, or elſe in imitation of the Courtly faſhion, of the Country *Bumpkins* of *Xantoigne* and *Lorrain*. The ſame Author tells, That Madam *Simonite*, he meant *Sunamite* kiſs'd *Eliſha*'s feet, *Ergo*; all Kings, who are *Simonites*, ought to kiſs the Pope's feet. This Monſieur *Raymund* and his Companions, ſpeak very well to the *Huguenots* and their printed Complaints, by declaring to them that they do not complain without a cauſe. For as *Raymund* ſays to *Rabeſne*, contentiouſly wrangling to make a *Huguenot* Lady loſe the Guardianſhip

anſhip of her *Children*; The Laws are not to be obſerv'd according to humour, or to pleaſe proſcrib'd perſons: and afterwards ſollici ting to have a *Huguenot* put to death, for a Murder which a pious Catholic had committed, we need not make any ſcruple to deſtroy the Eſtates of thoſe whoſe lives are under Condemnation; or to cut off particular Members where the Body is under the general attainder of the Church. I have alſo read a book, much after the ſame rate, and which I believe to be a chip of the ſame block, mainly endeavouring to extirpate the memory of *Papeſs Joan*. And to ſhew you that I have ſtudi'd, and that I keep a Correſpondence with the Learned, I have ſent him an Epigram upon this ſubject, which begins *Fœmina quod mentita virum*, to which I expect his anſwer.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Arrogance of the Huguenots.

IF ever any Prince would raign ſo exactly, That neither Juſtice nor the word of God ſhould have any cauſe to blame his Government, it behoves him to exterminate

nate the *Huguenots*: For they are a ſort of ſtrange people, that when the Honour of God comes in competition, trample under their feet the Honour of men, yea even of Princes. But thoſe of this Age are a little more reſpectful. 'Tis publicly known what ſtrange reports they rai'd againſt the Mother of the late Queen-Mother, taxing her with unſeemly familiarity with the Cardinal of *Lorrain*, as if ſhe, that ſhe might take the care of men upon her, had deſpoil'd all other women of their Vices. They made verſes upon the ſaid Cardinal for a good turn procur'd him by the Prince of *Portian*. But St. *Nicaiſe*, the ſaid Cardinal's natural Son, honourably poyſon'd the ſaid Prince. Theſe Knaves impudently reported over all *France* the news of a certain Picture, where the Cardinal, the Queen of *Scots*, and ſeveral other perſons were lovingly entertain'd with a ſtrange peice of workman-ſhip. And all theſe Stories printed after the great conteſts and execution of St. *Berthelemy*. At the ſame time they were ſo Arrogant as to demand peace at *Millaud*, and cauſe him to order a peace, when they had no more then four or five Holds, more advantagious for them, then the laſt peace which was granted them by the Court of Parliament.

You

You would not beleive how little reſpect they gave the Queen and the Councellers of State that attended her. Monſieur *de Pibrac* had made uſe of two pair of *Topics*, to frame a petition, which he addreſſed to the Deputies of the *Huguenots*, in the preſence of the Queen. He wip'd his eyes with his Hankercher, the Duke of *Montſpenſier* ſnivell'd, *Richelieu* ſigh'd, *Gadagne* ſhew'd nothing but the whites of his eyes. When he came to *Dixi*, the Queen ask'd them, well, Friends, what have you to ſay to this? Now you ſhall hear the anſwer of limping *La Meauſſe*. Madam, becauſe Monſieur has made ſuch a fair ſpeech, muſt we therefore periſh? The ſame perſon halting by the Chamber of the Maids of Honour, over-heard *Altri* ſaying, Muſt we be confin'd to this Curſed *Gaſcony*, only for the Deputies four rufty Swords? *Madamoiſelle*, anſwer'd this ſame *Vulcan*, I confeſs they are not ſo well ſcour'd as your *Engines*. 'Tis incredible how theſe people have bearded the greateſt of Princes; and made head againſt them with their ſmart and brisk replys; as for example, that of the Prince of *Conde* to the Queen Mother, who ſeeing a Troop of white Coats march by, reproach'd him, that his Souldiers were Millers. Yes Madam, reply'd the Prince,

to

to handle your Aſſes. The ſame Prince, at another time, when the King ask'd him, why he did not acknowlege the Virgin *Mary* for the Queen of Heaven, made anſwer, Becauſe 'twas pity, ſo fair a Kingdom ſhould be govern'd by a Diſtaff. To give you freſher marks of their Boldneſs; The King, then King of *Navar*, having ſent *Aubigny* to *Hen.* the 3d. to reſtore him the honour of his Alliance, before he did himſelf right, either for his Siſter, or the injuries which had bin done him; the King in a great fury reply'd, Let your Maſter, if you call him ſo, have a care what he does, if he knows me to be his King, I ſhall put ſuch a weight upon his Arms, as would make the great *Turk* ſtoop. To which this impudent *Huguenot* made this anſwer, Sir, the King of *Navar* my Maſter, has to his great grief bin bred up under this Burden. Without Threats, the homage of his Life and Fortunes is at your Majeſties Devotion; But the homage of his honour he will yeild to ne'ie a Prince in the World, ſo long as he has a drop of blood in his Body, and a Sword by his ſide. But not to relate the ſawcineſs of them, who make profeſſion of it, what think ye of the poor Potter M. *Bernard*; to whom the King one day ſaid theſe words, It is now five and

forty

forty years ſince you firſt ſerv'd the Queen, my Mother, and me, we have ſuffer'd you in the mid'ſt of Flames and Maſſacres, to enjoy the freedom of your Religion all this while; but now I am ſo perplex'd by thoſe of *Guiſe* and my people, that in ſpite of my teeth I muſt be forc'd to put thoſe two poor Women and you in Priſon, both they and you ſhall be burnt to morrow, if you change not your opinion. Sir, anſwer'd *Bernard*, Yeſterday the Count *Mauleurier*, came to proffer thoſe two Sifters their Lives, if they would each of them permit you a nights lodging. They anſwer'd, They would be Martyrs as well for their Honour as for their Religion. You have told me alſo ſeveral times you would have pity upon me: But I take pity upon you, who have pronounc'd theſe words; I am conſtrain'd; you do not ſpeak like a King. Thoſe Virgins and I, who I hope have a ſhare in the Kingdom of Heaven, will teach you this Royal expreſſion, *That neither the* Guiſarts, *nor all your people, nor you your ſelf, ſhall conſtrain a poor Potter to bend his Knee to Images.* Did yee ever hear ſuch an impudent Scoundrel? You'd ſwear, he were one of *Seneca*'s Diſciples, *qui mori ſcit, cogi neſcit.* He that knows how to dye, know's not what compulſion means.

More

More malapartneſs then this appear'd in theſe people at the laſt Treaty of Peace, and at the Aſſemblies which continu'd four years, where theſe ſelf-will'd moody Mules withſtood not only the honeſteſt Deputies which the King could pick out of his Council of State, but all the Grandee Lords of their own party. Theſe forheads of Braſs cry'd out, Theſe Propoſitions do not anſwer the good opinion which we had conceiv'd of thoſe which were ſent to us. They were ask'd the meaning of theſe words, *La Valiere* ſtands up; the meaning, quo he! The meaning is, That ye go about to betray the Church of God. Monſieur *Le Villeroy* told me, that being ſent once to parley with theſe *Male-contents*, while *Calignon* was endeavouring with a Sugercandy-ſpeech, to ſoften their fury, that Lubber *Chamier*, having lay'd his Cloke under his Buttocks, lean'd with his left Elbow i'the very middle of the Table, and in that poſture fell a paring his nails, which were ſo long, that the Splinters flew in the Oratour's beard, one hit *de Roſny* in the eye; yet no body durſt reprove him; for his very Countenance ſhew'd how little it would be to the purpoſe. *Choupes* was ſo audacious as to carry to the very Privy Council the refuſal of all the Parliaments of *France*, and could hardly

hardly be hawl'd from the door by the honeſt *Huguenots* of the Court. *Aubigne* was ſo void of modeſty, that when the King had given him a handſom reception at *Senlis*, and did but only ask him a civil queſtion, what he thought of the wound that *Chaſtel* had given him i'the lip, this unmannerly Clown made anſwer, I ſay, Sir, ſaid he, that that ſame God, whom as yet you have only deny'd with your lips, has only ſmitten your lips, but ſo ſoon as you ſhall renounce him with your heart, he will ſtrike and peirce that heart. I could name another, that was an ancient Deputy, who ſitting one day with the reſt of his aſſociates upon a Trunk in the Anti-Chamber, took notice that M. *d'O.* young *Roſny*, and ſome others of the Court Gallants laught to ſee the Deputies in their old faſhion'd Garments. Theſe airy Courtiers having a mind to ſhew their Wit, ſays one to the other, I'le ſay he's a brave fellow that dare's but go and ask that old Curmudgeon of a Heretic his name. *D'O.* to ſhew his valour approaches the old man, and full of high flown conceit, Sir, ſays he, theſe Gentlemen and I have an earneſt deſire to know your name. If I knew how to call you, ſaid the other, I might perhaps give you an anſwer; I am a Gentleman, but not

at

at your Command. Sir, ſaid the Courtier my name is *D'O*. It may be ſo, reply'd the Deputy, had you bin in as many Battels as I, you needed not have ask'd the Queſtion. As for *O* 'tis a Cipher better known in the Chamber of accompts, then where I have bin. The Brethren of the Cabinet fell a laughing, but the poor Meſſenger was more daſh'd out of countenance, upon what the Deputy added. Go, friend, go, go kill ſome-body, that the King may beſtow ſome favour upon yee, otherwiſe ye may chance to go without it. The Sieur *Bellevre* being ſent by the King, to the King of *Navar* at *Mont de Marſan*, every morning, through the window of his Lodging, ſaw the *Counteſs de la Gueiche*, then Miſs in waiting, going every morning to Maſs attended by *d'Eſpent*, little *Lambert*, a *Black*, the *Baboon Bertrand*, an *Engliſh* Page, a ſhock Spaniel, and a Lacquey. Of all which the great Senatour took notice to a *Huguenot* in theſe terms. I have ſeveral times, ſaid he, ſeen ſome Miſtreſſes of our Kings, who are with them in ſuch eſteem, that the greateſt Peers of the Nation think themſelves happy, if they can but watch their coming out in a morning to pay their reſpects. But here I ſee a Lady of a noble Family, who turns and winds the King

as

as ſhe pleaſes, walk to the Church in a morning, fitted for all purpoſes with a Monkey, a Shock, and a Buffoon. Oh Sir, the reaſon's plain, reply'd the *Huguenot*, for in this Court there is neither Ape, nor Shock, nor Buffoon, but what you ſee. The *French* Courtier was not a little nonpluſs'd at the reply; but much more when he knew the St. *Maxants* Curſe upon the cheek of Madam *Duras*.

CHAP. VIII.

Of Martyrs after the Romiſh *way.*

OF all the Books, which are enough to make a man a Heretic, or of which at leaſt a *Roman* Catholic ought to be very careful: I find none, next to the Bible to be ſo dangerous as this great Volum of Martyrs. For 'tis a great matter to ſee five, ſix or ſeven thouſand dead people, with all the Marks of real Martyrdom, as probity of Life, purity of Religion, and full freedom to chooſe either Life or Death. This has depriv'd us of abundance of people that beheld thoſe Preachers, who had no

other Pulpits then the Scaffold, the Ladder or the flaming Faggot. These are the glorious Nicks of time, when vain hopes are said to give place to Zeal and Vertue. They order their affairs now more prudently, both in *Italy* and *Spain*. There does not a Year go about, wherein they do not put to death some hundreds. But their constancy has no other witnesses then Goalers and Hang-men, who are like the Cranes of *Pyrrhus* for keeping secrecy. 'Tis not above Thirty Years ago, that all the Processes, of which this dangerous book is full, and which testifie the truth of it, were order'd to be taken off the files of all the Courts of Parliament. But is their no way to stifle the memory of these things, and to cry down all these Stories for Fables, though the eye-witnesses are living? What shall we do? I am of opinion that the best way will be, to make Choice of some florid stile, like that of the Count *de Permission*, and to write a Book, of which the Title shall be, *The Martyrs* a la Romana, *or after the* Romish *manner*; Wherein we will not have so much as one finger of a Martyr of the Primitive Church; in regard there is some debate concerning them, between the other and us; as also for that, these blessed Reformers cry that the

Church has bin as long reformed as it has bin perſecuted, according to what Pope *Silveſter* ſaid, when *Conſtantine* freed him from the Rocks of *Soracte*, Farwel Poverty, Farwel Purity. Now then we muſt make it out, that we have Martyrs of this Age of as good Families as any of others. The Bel-weather of the Flock ſhall be the Curate of St. *Medard* in *Paris*, who was wounded in ringing the Alarum Bell. The Curate of St. *Creſpin* in *Tourain*, who was hang'd in the Bel-rope performing the ſame Office: both taking pains to ſtir up the people to make another ſort of Martyrs. From thence, to diſguiſe the Story, we will take a friſk to *Japan*, where the Jeſuits ſay ſome of them have bin crucifi'd, and where they have done ſeveral Miracles, which could be done no where elſe but at *Japan*, becauſe of the incredulity of the reſt of the *Indians*. Moreover we will condemn all the *Huguenots* in *France* to go thither, to ſee if what they ſay be true. Our Fathers the Jeſuits, foreſeeing the neceſſity of this book, & that there will be more Confeſſours then Martyrs; On the other ſide, the *Huguenots*, inſtead of putting men to death for the Faith, buſying themſelves in praying to God for their Converſion: The ſharp-witted Projectours have provided a reme-

dy

dy for both; having ſet up at *Rheimes* and at *Rome*, two Colleges of young *Engliſh*, choſen out of a Melancholy aduſt humour, the moſt part Exiles, Thieves or defam'd perſons, who when they are put into theſe Colleges, as *Marius Navarrus* writes in his 3. book of Councils, by an eſtabliſh'd Papal conſtitution, are bound to ſwear, That after ſo many years they ſhall return into *England* to publiſh what they have learnt. And becauſe it has bin obſerv'd that much good has come of it, witneſs Cardinal *Alain*, in his Apology for Seminaries, the Pope has redoubled their Penſion. Hereupon, I gueſs *Baronius* in his *Roman* Martyrology ſaid theſe words, *That the holy Prieſts, as innocent Lambs, fatted in the Sacred Cloyſters, by the holy ſociety of* Jeſus, *with divine inſtructions for Martyrdom, Sacrifices acceptable to God and the Sacred Colleges of* Rome *and* Rheimes, *have bin put to death, becauſe they preach'd in* England *the Doctrine of the Holy* Romiſh *Church.* I wiſh he had not ſaid it, in regard they are Envoys of the Society of Jeſuits: becauſe they are accus'd to be liberal enough of other men's blood; and therefore though it be a commendable thing to meet Martyrdom, yet I would not have them guilty of ſending people meerly upon that errand.

Then to breed 'em up as Victims to God, that looks as if we Sacrific'd them our ſelves; and ſmels a little of *Baal-peor*. Again, the word *Cloyſter* ſounds like a Priſon, as if we kept them in Sties to force them to keep their Oaths: and upon this the Heretics would be upon our bones, and ſay of the God to whom we ſacrifice them; That it muſt be ſome God of this Age, or elſe ſome God of the Earth; for that the God of Heaven requires now no more Sacrifices at all, nor never did thoſe of human blood. But that which ſpoils all is the word,— *fatted* or *greas'd*. I ask'd Archbiſhop *Valgrand*, what the meaning of it was; he ſent me to the *Saturnalia* of *Lipſius l.* 1. *c.* 14. There I found that the Term was proper to the Gladiators who were pick'd out of the condemn'd perſons or miſerable Slaves, and afterwards maintain'd in their ſacred or rather execrable Seminaries, to the end they might purchaſe their fat by their death; of whom *Propertius*.

Qui dabit immundæ venalia fata ſaginæ.

Bellarmin did very ill to put us in mind of the nineſcore taken at *Menerbè*, who, every one of them choſe rather to be burnt, then

then to deny the leaſt tittle of their Religion. And *Antonine* did very ill to write, that they gave the Priſoners their choice, either to abjure their Religion and have their liberty, or dye; whereupon a hundred and fourſcore choſe rather to be burnt. For which reaſon I would not have him that makes our book of Martyrs meddle with your ear-lulling *Latin*; which affected perſons, to ſhew their gift, make uſe of to our prejudice, and the diſcovery of our buſineſs. The *Balderdaſh* Latin which Monſieur Confeſſour uſes, will be good enough for us. And in purſuit of our deſign we muſt gain in *England* ſome Miniſters or other Officers, that when they hang our people there, may diſcourſe to 'em ſome point of Religion, and not of Warlike preparations, Seditions, Petars, Guns, Mines and Poyſons from the Pope's Apothecary. Then upon the Ladder they muſt have their choice either to turn, or turn off the Ladder. For thoſe *Heretics* never account for Martyrs any but thoſe, who have ſuch a choice propos'd to them, and ſuch as it appears by their Enditements, that they dye for the ſole point of their Religion. According to this Rule they never liſt for Martyrs, thoſe that are arm'd for their defence, but only ſuch as

have no other Weapons but their Prayers. Such as were the 17000 *Albigeois* ſlaughter'd in one day, and the 30 or 40000 Souls ſent upon St. *Bartholomews*-day to the furies of St. *Bartholomew*. But as for us, who have a better view of things, I am not of opinion, that we ſhould be ſo nice, but let us muſter, for default of others, in our Martyrology all thoſe that are ſlain in Battails, Seiges, Skirmiſhes and Duels. Eſpecially ſuch as have fought againſt the Hereties; and all the *Iriſh*, their Wives and Children that are ſtarv'd to death in the ſtreets of our Cities. Theſe are the Victims of that great Sacrificer *Sanders*, and other Doctors, who notwithſtanding ſeveral pardons, caus'd them to make uſe of the *Bull* of the Holy Father *Pius* the V. as *Bellarmin* reports, by virtue whereof they made no ſcruple of violating their Allegiance to the Queen. And as for them, that lay ſculking in the Niches of *Pont Neuf*, not then finiſh'd, and in the night time Rob'd all thoſe that paſs'd along, and then threw them into the River, if there be any ſcruple of canonizing them, we muſt be careful what we do, leſt we ſhould injure them that did no harm but only to the *Heretics*. There are ſome who believe the Biſhops ought to main-

tain the poor; But my thoughts are, that they are for the generality very uncharitable, out of a good intention to fill our Book with the ſweet ſcented Sacrifices of their ſtarv'd Bodys. Of which number were thoſe poor people, whom the Biſhop of *Mayence* caus'd to be burnt, out of a good intention, to ſave Corn. If the *Huguenots* refuſe theſe at the Muſter, we will in ſpight of their teeths, paſs them for Martyrs whom we allege to have dy'd in the Wars. We have a good Title to it: For the Fathers of the Society of *Bourdeaux* have learnedly conſulted about it, and wrote them down by parcels in the Treatiſe of the Maſſacre at *Coutras*, of which Pamphlets *Paris* was full. All honeſt men believe, that the *Huguenots* being forc'd to the Battel, gain'd the Victory by Treachery, in regard they had hid their Canon under ground, and by that means made our people fly in the Air like ſo many Birds. By this Ladder we mount to Heaven much more noble Martyrs then the Heretics can do. St. *Foy* was made Biſhop of *Senlis*, for having plac'd the laſt *Charles* among the Martyrs. If ſo, there is a Biſhopric due to me, for having muſter'd up ſuch a ſcroll of Martyrs as I have done. But to return to my Text, the King, ſaid that

good Preacher, had ſo much trouble to maſſacre the *Huguenots*, that he dy'd for grief; becauſe he could not finiſh his deſign, nay ſome ſay, that he dy'd blaſpheming for madneſs. 'Tis a Gentile expreſſion which ſome of our Doctours uſe, to ſome concerning the Millers Bridg, I mean thoſe Catholic *Bigots*, who beleive that God overwhelm'd that Bridge, as being the Scaffold of the Butchery, and that it was a notable mark of Celeſtial Vengeance. But I ſay no, 'twas not for the Cruelties exercis'd, but becauſe they exercis'd no more, by which default of theirs, I warrant ye, we loſt above ſix or ſevenhundred freſh-water Martyrs. But may we not ſearch for thoſe who have dy'd in cold blood? Of that ſort the moſt bright-ſhining Martyr is the Queen of *Scots*, who had blown up her Husband before, conſtantly reſolv'd ſo to do, notwithſtanding all the kindneſs and amorous humility which he ſhew'd her. 'Tis true indeed, her heart taught her what belong'd to gunpowder. But 'tis all one, ſhe ſhall be canoniz'd, and in ſpight of the Heretics teeth, ſhe ſhall be plac'd in the Almanack next to St. *Mary* the *Egyptian*, only for diſtinction ſake, ſhe ſhall be called St. *Mary Morterpeice*. At her feet we well place *Peter Edmond*, and—— with their Company of a hundred.

Hundred and ten, according to the account of *Baronius*. The moſt part of theſe were brave Souldiers, excellent *Petardeers* of the Seminary of *Maurevel*, and the ancient *de La Montagne*, who for a ſmall ſum would have taken any man out of your way that offended ye, or obſtructed your deſigns, having always an intention againſt Hereſie. The Souls of theſe we muſt believe to be ſav'd, for they would fain have damn'd 'em themſelves, but you know what is ſaid of them that willingly loſe their Souls. *Maurevel* was ſo zealous a Catholic, that in hatred of misbeleivers, for a ſmall ſum of money which the Queen had promis'd him, having fail'd at *Moncontor* to kill the Admiral, however he offer'd a bloody and ſweet ſmelling Sacrifice to her Intereſts, by murdering *Moſny*, who for a long time had maintain'd him, and rais'd him. He was afterwards martyr'd by *Moſny* the Son. As for old *de la Montagne*, he was a ſhrewd cunning Fellow, and as I may ſay, the Patriarch of the Jeſuits. For by aſſuring his zealous Aſſaſſinates of his counterfeit Paradiſe, he ſent them away overjoy'd, to dye themſelves, to murder the Heads of the Chriſtians. This Paradiſe was the Model of a Chamber of Meditation. For the more variety and orna-

ment of this our deſign we will bring in all the Crucifixes, Statues of Saints, both Male and Female, whether of Stone or Wood, in whoſe faces, as *Baronius* obſerves, the *Huguenots* have ſpit, or have any other way abus'd, by treading them under their feet, pulling out their eyes, or cutting off their ears or noſes. To theſe we may add the bodies of dead Saints, which they have burnt, as that of St. *Claude*, together with the Abby, in the year 1654. 'Tis very true, that ſome pious Chriſtian or other put in its place the Body of one that was hang'd at *Dortaile*. For new Martyrs we have *Cheſſe*, *Benchard*, and that fair Liſt of *Pleſſis de Cone*, and *Fontenelle*. Nor muſt we forget the Martyrs of *Blois*, the Father of whom was a canoniz'd Martyr at *Rome*, under the name of St. *Francis* the *Piſtoleer* of *Orleance*. Their Poſterity ſhall be alſo canoniz'd, that is to ſay, *Henry* of the *Barricados*, and St. *Denis* Captain, and Cardinal. On the other hand we will put M. St. *Clement*, and M. *Sponde*, one martyriz'd by the Procurator General, the other by his Wife. Theſe two zealous Perſonages I have put together to ſpite the *Huguenots*, who miſtruſting to what end they were canonis'd, one ſo ſoon after the other, marry'd them together in the following *Epigram*.

Qui

Qui modo Clementem voluiſti jungere divis,
Et Spondam Divis annumerare potes.
In vitas Regum fuit inſidiator uterque:
Ille animum Regis ſuſtulit, hic animam.

What ſhall become of St. *Chaſtel*, S. *Burgoign*, St. *Guinan*, St. *Barriere*, St. *John Nilbet*, and St. *Garnet*? We muſt alſo have room for the Preſident *Briſſon*, and the five Martyrs, and the St. *Hangman* who was executed with them. Among the reſt muſt be admitted the twelve St. *Franciſcans* of *Chaſteau Villain*, whom the deceas'd Admiral caus'd to be lay'd hold on for murdering the ſick Souldiers of the Army, wherever they met with them. The greateſt grief to the reſt was, that two of theſe poor Martyrs quarrell'd, who ſhould have the Commiſſion to perform the Execution. To decide this Ambitious debate, each of the two had a Rope given them, to try who was the moſt dextrous at the ſport. Never did two nimble Skip-jacks ſhew more dancing Bear tricks to avoid the Nooſe, then theſe two Raſcals did; of which one at lenth was ſeiz'd, as he was giving a jump upwards. The Victor having ſecurely ſtrangled his *Compagnen*, hang'd all the reſt For the hangman and the perſons executed were

were all of the ſame Livery. This ſhoot of St. *Francis*, ſo long as the War endur'd, never chang'd either his employment or his habit; but knowing where there was a young Novice, who had eſcap'd out of the Covent, ſent for him to be his journeyman. After that they went on chearfully with their buſineſs, and were very uſeful toward the Diſcipline of the Army, it being a common word of admonition, ware the *Franciſcan*. Among the *Neoterics* are alſo Father *Henry d'Anvers*, and *S —— de Saumur*, who were burnt for being *Roman* Catholics, according to the Interpretation of the Count of *Rochefort*. They confeſs'd a very ſtrange exerciſe of their piety, without which confeſſion the latter could not have bin burnt; For the Scholer and the Sergeant were only whipt for having devoutly attempted to murder *du Pleſſis*, that arch Heretic. Here M. S. *Biron* comes in for a ſhare, who having all his life time liv'd in contempt of all Religion, all of a ſuddain grew ſo ſottiſhly ſuperſtitious, that if he found in his way any little remainder of a broken Croſs, he ſtop'd and crawl'd upon his Knees fourſcore or a hundred paces to kiſs the dirty ſtone where it was fix'd; inſomuch that near *Bretigny* in *Burgundy* he kiſs'd another between two T—

He was one of the Churches great Gates: for he had renounc'd God, and ſworn to kindle a War in *France* againſt the *Huguenots*. He was the Devil of a man, but of a plauſible behaviour. Don't you believe that he ſwore like a *Huguenot*, any more then *Cotton*, when he was run through the left Buttock. You have a notable Martyr of M. S. *Boſnier*, whoſe ſtory the wicked *Feneſte* ſtole from us. But he forgot the difference between his Wife and the Counteſs of *Norton* about the Gown and Petticote which the She-Phyſician got by doing and not doing. For the Counteſs having declar'd to her Husband that ſhe had made a Vow for Chaſtity for four days in a week; her Husband made another, for the other three. The poor Lady dy'd for grief, and is now a Martyr *Alamode*.

CHAP. IX.

The Corollary.

ONE day, that it thundred, Monſieur Confeſſour came to viſit me, and found me in a great confuſion, ſhortly after my

my Converſion. I had not ſlept well the night before, and without lying, I could have wiſh'd my Conſcience had lain by its ſelf. That which troubl'd me in the Evening was the curſed company of idle ſtories that were brought me, how the *Huguenots* began to enter into new Conſultations concerning their affairs. That Coxcomb *Luat* had open'd my eyes to ſee, how that after my Converſion, the King put no confidence in me; on the contrary, that *Roſny* who continu'd a firm Heretic got ground in the King's favour, and thereby great Authority in *France*. In the mid'ſt of theſe thoughts, I call'd to mind the miſerable ends of *Sponde*, diſcountenanc'd by the King after his Converſion; of *Morlas*, of *Clairville*, grieving at his death to have damn'd himſelf to gain ſomething, and yet never to taſt the pleaſure of enjoyment; of *du Fay* who dy'd altogether ſlighted, and deſpairing to that height, that he publicly queſtion'd, whether the Church of *Rome* were the Church of Chriſt. *Barrilliere* like him, was upon the ſame ſtrain. *Sallettes*, who ſteer'd the ſame courſe, as having bin taught by his Wife, That he who greatly fears God, is alſo afraid of men; She that never fearing nor refuſing the men of this World, was bold againſt God. The ends

of

of these men pester'd my thoughts, with many others of the same sort. While I was in this Agony, I saw *M. Cabier* walking in the lower Court. To him I ran, and ask'd him what was become of the Minister *Le Vaux?* Sir, said he, that unfortunate person, after the fair promises which he had made to *Monsieur d'Evreux*, and the money which he receiv'd from him for the performance thereof, a Rascally Feaver seiz'd him, and he is gone, into his own Country, tearing and raving that the cause of God was betray'd by him, and five of his Associates, whom he fairly character'd, without naming them. To this, he added, that he hop'd God would pardon him, into whose hands he was going to surrender his Soul, so soon as he came to *Milland*. He offer'd in the mean time to write to *M. d'Evreux*, in recommendation of some able person, and withal discover'd the prevarication of the dispute at *Mantes*, and the other preparatives of *de Roan* and *Serres*, who you know, had offer'd their perfidious mediation at a lucky time. The *Huguenots* were so silly as to refuse the offer, saying, That the Church of Christ was not establish'd upon tricks and fallacies. A little while after, added he, when he came to *Milland* he continu'd his crys and lamentations

mentations especially upon the day that he dy'd; upon which day he walk'd out of the City with his freinds, supp'd well, but so soon as he was a-bed, he call'd his Wife, told her he should dye, repeated these Lines of the *Psalmist*.

A Soul with true Repentance fill'd,
Is thy most grateful Sacrifice;
A brok'n and a contrite heart
O God thou never wilt despise.

And having so said, he expir'd. After I had mus'd a while, I took a little heart a-grace, and ask'd him, how it far'd with *Rotan*, *Serres* and others. Those two answer'd *Cabier*, are forc'd to hide their heads, for they are both under ground: and I'le tell ye how: so soon as they had heard of *Vaux*'s confession, they encourag'd one the other by Letters, got themselves chosen by the National Synod of *Montpelier*, with a resolution, like *Cæsar*, to pass the *Rubicon*; but before they went, to try to gain something with the Confederates. But such was their misfortue that they both dy'd before the sitting of the Synod. I am very sorry for the money which *Serres* carry'd to his Wife, for she dy'd the same day that he did, like *Ananias* and *Saphira*,

Saphira, ſo that that money might have better have fallen into my hands—— Sir, *If you pleaſe to order me a ſum, and take*——— I would not ſuffer him to go on, but kept the Begger who was very importunate, at ſtaves end, making haſt to bed, though without hopes of repoſe. By break of day my Servants having inform'd Monſieur Confeſſour of my reſtleſneſs, and continnal exclamations, he comes into my Chamber, takes a Chair, and began theſe honey-dropping words. Sir, I have bin inform'd by your Servants, this morning, and yeſterday in the Evening, by M. *Cabier*, of the ſtrange diſturbancies of your mind; and ſomething I find my ſelf by the vehement motion of your pulſe; but I deſire ye to take a taſt of my words, as aſſuaging Remedies for your exteriour Diſtempers; for no outward violence, no promiſe, hope or fear can change the inward diſtemper of Opinions. Reaſon alone, which moves and puts them into a ferment at firſt, is to them the proper application; ſeeing that her prevailing power produces either hopes or fears in a diſtracted mind. When I ſpeak of hopes and fears, I mean, in reference to the affairs of this World. For in truth, when the diſpute extends its ſelf to the World to come, then the hope of

good,

good, and the fear of evil, practiſe their force as well upon the one as the other. Do you not think your ſelf happy in that you feel no other then the ſoft raigne, and natural power of your thoughts, and not the violence of neceſſity? Know then, that all men are reduc'd to this point, to be at an ill paſs either with their Conſciences, or with the affairs of the World. But becauſe there is no perfect felicity, wiſe men finding a perſecution upon the liberty of their thoughts, they fly to the privacies of the heart; ſo that if your Conſcience cannot reconcile it ſelf to the temper of the times, fly to the ſecret retirements of the wiſe, reſerving to your ſelf, thoſe things, of which you your ſelf are Judg, and leaving to others thoſe things which fall under the ſcan of Forraign judgment. Our external Actions may be cenſur'd by thoſe who are in power, and for that they have the knowlege thereof, you cannot prevent them from dealing in their own Element, or from puniſhing or rewarding as they deem moſt proper: but they cannot controul your thoughts, which they can by no means impeach. Sir, I ſpeak theſe things as well in reference to my ſelf, as you; beſeeching ye, that the Combats of our Conſciences may not vent themſelves; or if the Conſcience

ſcience ſtruggle to get looſe, at leaſt to lull it aſleep, if you cannot ſtifle it in the Cradle. *Cahier* informs me that you are very much ſurpriz'd at the ſuddain ends of our new Converts. The *Baron of Salignac* and my ſelf are ſtill alive. His Wife, and the Wives of *Salette*, *Sponde*, *Morlas* are alſo yet living. The reaſon is plain: They that are dead would not ſtifle their Conſciences; and they choak'd them. We muſt therefore kill our Conſciences, as I can boaſt to have done by mine; or lay them faſt aſleep in the Bed of Stupidity, as the Baron and his Wife, and others, have done by a thouſand little charming paſtimes of Love. Come, I will give ye a few precepts, which I make uſe of my ſelf. Many men render deſervedly culpable themſelves through their own ill conduct. Loyalty, though it be highly to be applauded, becomes liable to puniſhment, when it ſuſtains them who are depreſs'd by Fortune. We ought to follow favour, honour thoſe who are in proſperity; ſpurn at the miſerable. For never wiſe man made choice of the unfortunate for his Friends. We ought to change as the times alter, and abandon that Party, from which we can hope for no ſupport. There is as much difference between profit and right, as between Heaven and Earth, wa-

ter,

ter and fire. The greateſt Families in the World would ſoon decay, ſhould they make any account of Juſtice. A ty'd reſpect to Honeſty would overthrow Citys and Caſtles. The liberty of committing all ſorts of Impiety, ſupports Kingdoms. Though it went againſt thy Nature to obſerve any meaſure in evil-doing, yet he that acts by appearance ſhall eaſily find impunity, when the fact is committed. Let him abſtain from the Court, that will needs be pious. Truth and Grandeur are always at daggers drawing. He ſhall always be in fear. Why ſhould a wiſe man be aſham'd to follow the example of his King. Wickedneſs renders them equal who are equally contaminated. 'Tis not a thing that deſerves a little praiſe to deceive a Prince. Honeſty, not accompany'd with felicity, is always contemptible; and for poor Vertue, ſee how it is forc'd to ſuffer the ſcoffs of the Vulgar. Thus you ſee, Sir, how I have endeavour'd to employ your contemplation, not doubting but you will make your advantage of what I have ſaid; as being the moſt proper Phyſic for your diſeaſe. I return'd my moſt humble thanks to Monſieur Confeſſour, and applauding his diſcourſe, Sir, ſaid I, what follows, I ſpeak by way of Confeſſion, in acknowledgment

ledgment of your kindneſs. I recommend my honour to your care. And to ſhew ye that your Doctrin is ſow'd in a good ground, I am ſo far from contradicting your grave advice, that henceforward I intend to piſs upon the friendſhip of the miſerable. I have learnt from you, that the beſt way is to eat fowl when they are mortifi'd, and to make advantage of men when they are ſuppl'd by their misfortues. To this purpoſe, I will tell you a brave Act which I did upon my ſecond Converſion. We were at *Orleans*, the Abbot of—— and I when the Maſſacre was committed. The Abbot advis'd me to go forth into the ſtreet with my Sword i'my hand and to do as the reſt did, to ſave my own Life. Seeing that his Counſel ſucceded, and that for having my Sword in the guts of a poor Hat-maker, I was welcom among the Maſſacrer's, it put me in mind of a Gentleman, to whom I had bin beholding for four Months entertainment. I went to the door with—— and other Conſorts. The good man was upon his knees in the Chamber preparing himſelf to dye. When he heard my voice he came running down, receiv'd me full of joy, crying out, with his eyes lifted up to Heaven; O God thou haſt ſent this man as an Angel to ſuccour me in my affliction.

That

That is, thought I, to put ye quite out of your miſery, and thereupon I preſently ſheath'd my Sword in his heart to do him a freindly office. I ſav'd his Wive's Life, of whom I and—— and the reſt of the company made ſome ſmall uſe as the time would permit. Afterwards for grief of the Injury done her, ſhe ran fooliſhly into the heat of the Maſſacre and was her ſelf knockt o'the head. I miſs'd killing a Varlet *Huguenot*, who would never do as I would have had him. So that for want of ſufficient help, I got no more than fourſcore Crowns, and a green Camlet Suit. And this is that wherewith you have hear'd me openly tax—— when they return'd with me to *Paris*. A noble Act, cry'd *M.* Confeſſour, and I think it was almoſt in the ſame Coyn that you pay'd M. *Gennes*, though you did not cut his throat, when he importun'd ye to repay the 100000. Crowns. Such diſcourſes as theſe chear'd me up for a time. So that I reſolv'd to harden my heart; never think of what was paſt, but altogether mind the future. I have now only two little Fears that diſturb me; the one in reference to my Eſtate, the other, my Religion. The firſt is, if the *Huguenots* ſhould mind their buſineſs as they might do, then would the greateſt part of

France

France fly to their embraces. But in that caſe, God be thanked, we know how to go, come and return again. Let me alone to counterfeit *Eubolius*, and to rowl my ſelf in a Sack to the St. *John*'s Gate in *Rochel*, with an humble Petition in my mouth, *Chriſtians tread me to dirt, who am but ſalt without ſavour.* But the fear of my Conſcience is, leaſt a burning Feaver ſhould ſurprize, and deceive me, as it did *Morlas*. However, let the worſt come to the worſt, it may be God may pardon me; if he does but ſee me kick a woodd'n Saint *topſy turvy* in ſign of Repentance.

FINIS.